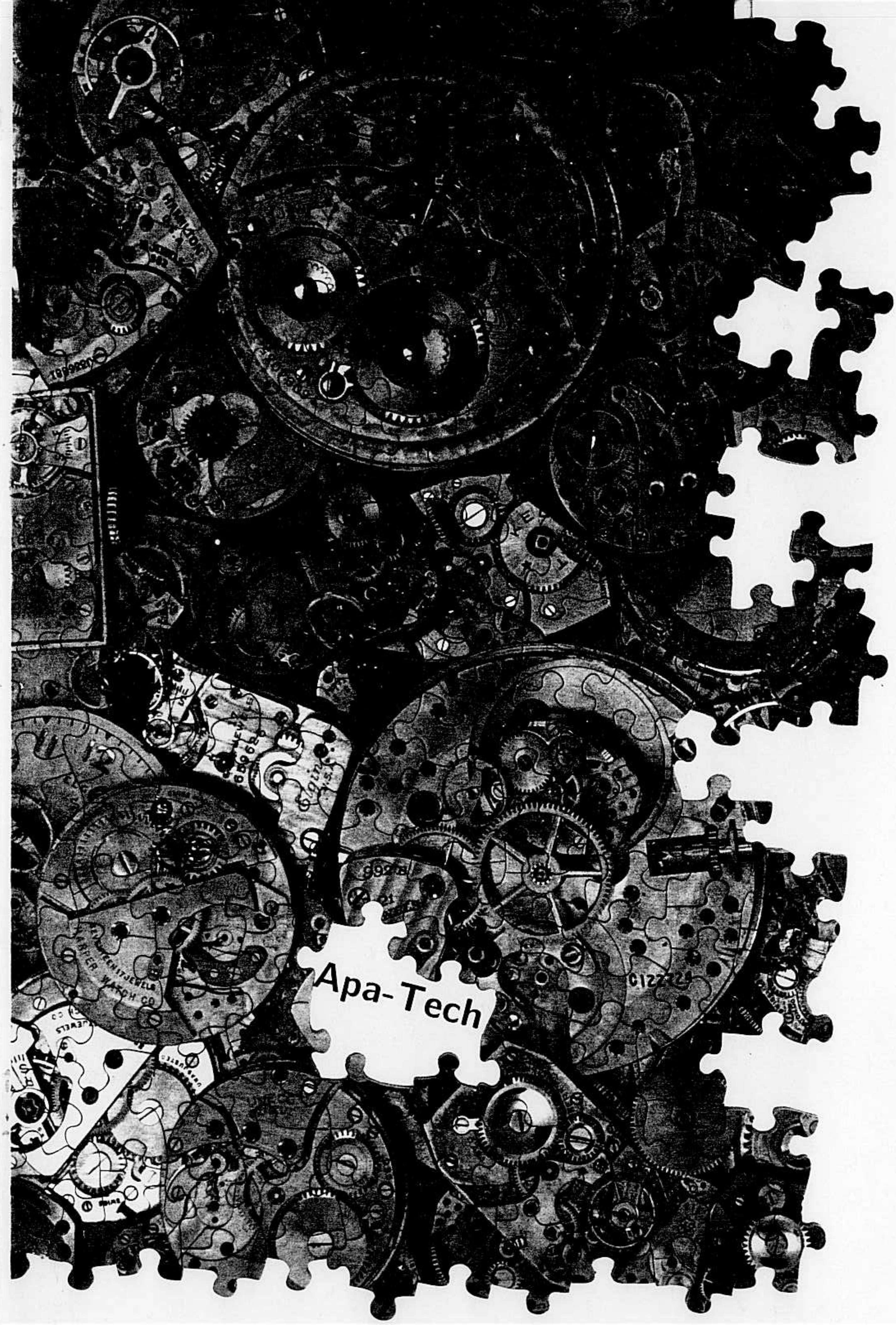

Apa-Tech

APA-TECH 57

The Amateur Press Association
for General Technics
and Other Folks who like to hang out here

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover / Bill Higgins 1

[Mr. Higgins writes: "Some say that High-Energy Physics is like banging Swiss watches together at high speed and observing the pieces that fly out to understand the watches' structure. Others insist that HEP is like a puzzle and physicists carefully assemble the pieces to see the big picture..."]

The 555 Times #57 / Shalmaneser 2
Ripley's Alive at 175 / Dave Powell and Susannah West 2
Transporter Topics #51 / Rod Smith 3
My Kinda Town, Chicago Is... / Bonnie Jones 2
There's More Than One Way to Juggle a Cat / Rolf Wilson 1
Gostak Distims Doshes; Film at Eleven / Bill Higgins 4
Wandering Through a Bent Universe / Gabe and Audrey Helou 2
Rooftops Keep Falling on My Head / Greg Ruffa 11
Dr. Gonzo's Bits and Pieces / Valli Hoski 6

page count 34

The minimum activity required is two pages every four months. The copy count is presently twenty-five (25).

The deadline for APA-TECH 58 is Tuesday, March 1st in Kalamazoo.

Andy & Annette, John, Lee, Roxanne, Steve, Scott, and Kiran are herein advised of the necessity of their contribution to that issue.

Accounting data was not available to this site at press time.

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Updated information is noted in boldface.

* * *

I'm told that the consensus at Ishercon X was that we should return to a bi-monthly schedule, which is okay with me. I'm sorry to say that the monthly issue experiment was failing just after the anniversary of its commencement. As I had stated in September of 1986, I would have to receive a sufficient number of pages in a particular month to make it worth mailing the APA. In November, I got ten to twelve pages, depending upon whether I counted a franking. It looks like GTB was sent about another seven in December. Anyway, I'm putting all of that together with a few pages of my own to make the first issue of the New Year.

And I hope it **will** be a good New Year for you, too! **APA-TECH** will now be coming out in the "odd" months, with possible collations at Westercon and Worldcon (or NASFiC, where applicable). I hope that your choice to return to the original schedule means that we can expect regular and sizeable contributions (ahem). GTB informs me that (probably) no one owes money, but we'd better hear from a bunch of you in March... All right, see ya around and take good care. Shal.

"RIPLEY'S ALIVE AT 175"

CRUMBCRUNCHERS, INC.
Dave Powell and Susannah West
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Ripley, OH 45167
513-392-4549

Well, I might as well go all out in talking about Ripley, as I did a bit last month. This is the historical society's "official stationery" which I, as the PR person, have a big stack of. News releases about assorted events - i.e. the Christmas Open House at the museum and the Ohio Valley Christmas House Tour - go out on this stationery.

This slogan was not my choice - there was a contest run in the newspaper, and contributions came in from all sorts of people, both students and adults. This particular slogan was dreamed up by a 14-year-old girl who, though she lives in Cincinnati, spends a lot of time in Ripley, as her grandparents live here.

The most recent event associated with the anniversary was a showing of several old films of Ripley. The oldest was filmed in 1939, by a professional cinematography team that specialized in making films about various places. It couldn't exactly be called a documentary, because it didn't have a spoken sound track, only a musical one, I don't know in what context it was originally shown, but it presented quite a picture of Ripley. It was a bigger town then, and much more bustling, it seems, which made it sort of sad to compare then and now. It was spooky, too, because other than getting shabbier, the town hasn't changed that much in almost 50 years - at least in terms of landmarks. A person from 1939 could be transported to 1987 Ripley (or vice versa) and know exactly he/she was.

Fall is here in earnest. The trees on the hillsides put on quite an eloquent show. There are still a few patches of russet and gold, but for the most part, they've all lost their leaves, and the hills have taken on the gray and brown colorations of winter. Sigh. We do, apparently have a few days of Indian summer left to us yet, though. Temperatures yesterday were up in the 70s.

I notice that the video of the Beryl Markham documentary is available; we received the SIGNALS catlog (PBS stuff) the other day and I observed it in there. (My major purchase from this catalog so far has been a coffee mug with a Tardis on it; when you pour the hot liquid in, the Tardis disappears, and as it cools, the Tardis comes back.) It has jelly babies also. Listed in the catalog, that is!

At least one explorer didn't go off gallivanting without his wife (at least not always) - David Livingstone. His wife and children accompanied him on at least one expedition (too many at leasts in here - sorry about that!) But being missionaries, and accustomed to the rigors of wildest Africa, they perhaps were better prepared than other explorers.

At the opposite extreme, there was a cultural anthropologist who worked for the Smithsonian in the latter part of the 19th century; I can't remember his name off-hand. He went to study the Zuni Indians, and totally assimilated himself into their culture. But there came a time when he married (not a Zuni woman, but a white woman) and things were never the same. Although she was willing to live with the Zuni, she brought along her own entourage - her sister and a cook.

After much casting about, we've discovered the best magazine for the desktop publisher - PERSONAL PUBLISHING. The October issue had a very edifying article about recharging laser printer cartridges, which helped me sort out the gobbledegook in a variety of ads. Our cartridge is in its yellow zone, with the red coming up - we've gotten about 3500 copies from it so far. I sent one off last weekend, so hope to receive it back by the end of this week.

I attended a publishing seminar at the beginning of this month, sponsored by Promotional Perspectives (which is located in Ann Arbor). I learned more in a day than I learned in a similar course I took at Ohio State. Dave has always insisted that you learn much more in these intensive all-day (and two and three-day too) courses than you do in a comparable college course that takes one or two quarters to cover. I discovered that this is definitely true. However, to be fair, I must admit, I was much more familiar with the seminar's subject than I was as a college student, and I definitely have more motivation now than I did then.

I think I can squeeze in a few mailing comments. A general one about MR - after a long time of being violently opposed to brushing teeth, she's finally getting quite enthusiastic. The other even when she fell asleep during supper, I put her to bed without brushing them - she woke up in the middle of the night, hollering, "I forgot to brush my teeth!" I attribute this change of heart to a visit to the dentist. It wasn't her first teeth clearning, but it was the first where she was with the hygenist by herself.

ROD: We too have several layers of paper on our walls. The landlord just slaps on a new layer over the old, though he hasn't done so for several years, as far as I can tell. Yes, the ceiling in the upstair hall is papered; all the other ceilings are fiberboard tile....Send us more information about the Lexington con when it firms up....Dave was involved in a project of microfilming all the blueprints of various components of the several DP&L plants. They have thousands of blueprints stored in map cases up in the main offices in Dayton; I never saw so many blueprints! I don't know if these were eventually discarded or not. They certainly were cumbersome, and fairly jumbled, too, so if you were looking for a specific blueprint, you might or might not be able to find it.

BARRY: We seem to have missed last week's episode of STAR TREK for some reason, but even I, who am not a STAR TREK fanatic, noticed immediately when I saw the ones you mentioned, that they bore striking resemblances to elements in the orignal shows . I don't have a lot of respect for writers who borrow things from elsewhere, even if they are stealing from themselves!

Well I seem to be out of room, so I'll say farewell.

Susannah

TRANSPORTER
TOPICS

Rodford E. Smith
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Number 51

Long time readers of these missives will recall my enthusiasm concerning firearms. I have a friend with almost as much dedication to the hobby as myself. Perhaps more; he lives in Lexington and has to drive thirty miles to come here and shoot once a week. Anyway, he as a springer torso target similar to mine (though with much less wear) and usually brings it along. We have developed a game where we set both targets at 25 yards, about five feet apart. We then take turns shooting back and forth between them, a shot at one, then a shot at the other, then repeat, as fast as we can aim and fire. This is harder than it sounds, even with nearly identical targets at the same range. If this ever gets boring we will probably put them at different ranges. If you want to develop good hand eye coordination this should help a lot.

You can get some impressive effects by shooting common, everyday items. Plastic milk jugs full of water explode dramatically. Pop cans, especially full ones, are great fun. A stack of computer cards taped together and shot flat side on is a good test of penetration. If you have an old radio or other appliance which is not repairable and useless for spare parts, take it out and perforate it. (Never shoot glass unless it is your property and you know that there will be no problem with having broken glass underfoot.) This sort of thing is not only great for relieving your pent-up aggressions, it's a lot of fun! Just today, I shot a half empty can of Silly String with my .45. This caused gobbs of fluorescent foam to fly around. Spectacular. Just be sure that whatever you hit is far enough away that flying pieces won't hit you.

I really like my Government Model .45. It is accurate, reliable and easy to shoot. Unfortunately, it does have a few flaws. The main one is that it throws the empty brass all over the place. This may sound like a minor problem, but having a cylinder of hot brass hit you in the forehead can be very distracting, and having one drop down the front of you shirt can be painful. I have actually been burned by having a case land on exposed skin.

I turned 32 on October 29. For my birthday my dad gave me an antique 12 Gauge, double barrel shotgun. It looks like it was a quality piece at one time. The wood is checkered and there is engraving in much of the metal. It has seen a lot of hard use, though; the wood is stained and nicked and the blue is gone from

the metal. The mechanism is gummed with residue and old grease and there is some play in the latch. It should be fun restoring it. I already have it in pieces. If only I can get it back together.

And now, without further ado, the

Mailing Comments

Cover: Explosive!

Notes From the Chair: This may not be a sign of trouble, but merely an unfortunate coincidence, where several people decided to skip at once. *

Crumbcrunchers: We have had about six seasons in the past month. And every time the weather turns warm again we get more pollen. * Have you heard the tale of the fellow whose family moved into a small town while he was still a boy? He grew up to become a pillar of the community, a civic leader, respected by all. When he died, the townspeople chipped in to buy him an ornate tombstone, enscribed "He was like one of us." * Re. Yr. Cmnt. Bob: My mother was amazed, recently, that my two-and-a-half year old niece knew the difference between a school bus and a city bus. *

Dr. Gonzo: You aren't the first person to hand write a contribution to APA-Tech. * The county maps in KY used to show buildings (as little squares or rectangles) but an administrator recently told the cartographers to stop this practice. Rumor has it that this was to reduce the chance of someone looking at a map with the outline of a proposed road and protesting because it crossed so many buildings. * I don't know Jim Peyton; at least, I don't remember the name. *

Technology: Your writing is much clearer than Valli's. Of course, mine makes hers look like offset printing. * Concerning your parent's apartment, I have similar feelings when I visit my grandparents' house. Except for growing slightly decrepit, everything is the same as it has been for my entire life. The entire property has changed only slightly in the past three decades. * I bought a fountain pen at Harrod's three years ago that I still use. Did you see the Brighton Pavilion? *

Me: Wallpaper all gone. Holes, cracks and dings patched. Some sanding done. Still sleeping in the living room. * We have finished microfilming the old maps and have thrown them in the recycle bin. * Another robbery at work. See below. *

Guy W.: Use bigger print! * Wish I could have attended the berserker. * 800 square feet of aluminum? Ack! That's a flight of bombers in close formation! * Did you see the Nova episode on Ovshinsky? * Re. Yr. cmnt. Bob T.: A friend of mine has come up with a way to connect the Ringworld game with Call of C'thulhu. Seems that the secret weapon the Slavers used to wipe out intelligent life in the galaxy was C'thulhu itself. They thought they could control it. Once everyone was dead, it went back home. When Puppeteers discovered Earth, they also found that humans had

a natural talent for the sort of forces which the Slavers had used, which made them potentially dangerous. They decided to keep an eye on us, maybe even guide us in another direction. By the way, the technology was present in the '20s to build fission and fusion weapons. * Re. Yr. Cmnt. Greg: When can I buy some superconducting wire to play with? *

Again on the Road: Like the song says, "all of the good ones are taken." * The ugly American was actually the good guy of the book. (Just picking a few nits.) * The bridge on the new Enterprise doesn't seem that much larger than the old one, especially after the remodeling. It is much less cluttered. As for the families, my perception of the ship's mission is that it will be on long trips of exploration, investigation and contact, not military missions. Taking entire families along seems very civilized. I agree that most of the stories broadcast so far could use some reworking. *

Seeing Stars (Donna's 'zine.): I thought flouricine dye was toxic. That is pretty much the way the Hindenburg actually burned. No explosion, just a hot, quick flame. * Re. that sign: I knew Houghton was distant, but extra-planetary?*

****

I have been sick for the past couple of weeks. Nothing serious, but I had to take some time off from work. On one of those days, after the building had been closed, someone climbed in through an open window and stole a number of things. The money from the charity candy box, for example. It's been hot lately, see, and since the air conditioner had been turned off people were opening windows. Someone forgot to close theirs and the person who locked the building in my absence didn't notice it. (Not that I would have. Maybe.) Nothing major, but disturbing. Interestingly, three years ago the director of the Division we share the building with had all the windows on his side bolted shut. Not that this helped; there are no internal barriers between the two portions. *

I recently bought a copy of "Teenagers From Outer Space," affectionately known as TFOS. This is worth buying just for the reading, even if you hate roll-playing games. I do plan to run it, if only for a few sessions. This is just the thing to pull on someone who takes their gaming too seriously. *

I am on chapter twelve of my novel. It is going very slowly. I just haven't had the time to work on it lately. *

I have been selling off a large part of my comic book collection over the past few months. There are several reasons for this. Mainly, an updated price guide has come out and raised dramatically the prices on some issues I have. I didn't collect as an investment, with a few exceptions, but because I liked something in the comic. Now, though, they are offering me enough money that I am willing to part with some of my less favored comics. Maybe I'm growing up? (Naaahhhh!!!) *

Look, Ma! No whitespace!

Rod

MY KINDA TOWN, CHICAGO IS...

Bonnie Jones
4912 N. Kostner Ave.
Chicago, IL 60630
312-545-7786

Yes, dear friends, it is time once again to take out your address books and pencils for I am moving (What! Not Again!) back to the old homestead. No, sorry to say, I have not finished my thesis (sigh) but I do have a job! (Yeah!) I will be the newest cartographer at the grand old firm of Nystrom, which makes maps and globes and other educational materials. To the staff of five production cartographers they are adding three more to work on a brand new children's atlas, meaning they are starting from scratch, from the preliminary sketches to the final composite plates that go to the printer. Right now, the job only lasts the length of the project, about two years, but I could be kept on after the project is over. I am very excited and happy about the whole thing.

I must admit that they were impressed with my portfolio, especially the children's map of Michigan that I spend ten months slaving over. Dave, my future boss, said that ours was better than their Michigan map. I showed him mine, and he showed me his, and he was right, mine was better.

What I would like to do now is walk you through the steps of producing a map. (I am assuming that this is a complex color map, and so we are working at final size.) The pre-production work is the most important part. Everything has to be decided on ahead of time. First you do a sketch of the map, laying out all the elements, arranging them so that all the pieces, such as insert maps, become a part of the whole and the map looks balanced. Part of the way we tie elements together is by using similar colors and type styles. (I won't go into all the theory.)

Once all the decisions are made, the production can begin. Unless the pencil sketch is a perfect rendition of the map, an ink copy is made. The inked copy is then transferred to scribecoat. Scribecoat is a heavy, clear plastic that has an opaque film on one side. The image is put on the film by adding light sensitive chemicals and exposing it with the inked linework on the platemaker (which has a high intensity light in the blue end of the spectrum. Using the platemaker allows us to work with daylight working materials under yellow lights instead of having to work in the darkroom). Then, using scribe points of various widths for the different line weights, the film is scraped away where the linework is, allowing light to come through, in short, making a negative. Scribing is prefered over inking because scribing gives us more control in producing solid, uniform lines. Each color of linework needs its own scribeplate.

The scribes are then exposed onto peelcoat using the platemaker and developed using chemicals so that the lines that allowed light through on the scribe also etch out on the peel. The peelcoat is a clear heavy plastic with an opaque layer of plastic on one side. Once the lines are etched out, areas are peeled off to leave open windows that light can get through. We need one of these peels for each color or percentage of color that is on the map. We most often use a four-color process, meaning that all colors on the maps are composed of various percentages of four colors, yellow, magenta, cyan and black. For example, red is made of even percentages of yellow and magenta.

Now we choose the fonts and the point sizes for the type. The type is created on a typesetter and printed on paper that has to be developed and then transferred onto sticky-backed clear film using the copy camera in darkroom. (The copy camera allows us to enlarge or reduce images.) The type is then cut out and placed on mylar using a copy of the linework and a grid under the mylar to guide the type placement. (This is done on a light table. So is the scribing and peeling.) Each color of type has to be on a separate plate or flap. The type plate is then turned into a negative in the darkroom using a contact frame, a type of camera which is just a light source and a vacuum frame to hold the materials.

*There is one very important thing I forgot to mention. We have to register all the materials before putting the images on them by using a registration punch. The punch at school creates two holes and a slot in the materials, then we use registration pins to hold the pieces to each other. It is much easier to register the materials before you use them then have to register all the images to each other later.

Okay, now everything is in the form of a negative. We take all the negatives and combine them on to new negatives, so that we have four composite negatives, one for everything that has yellow in it, one for magenta, one for cyan, and one with all the black on it, including the type and linework. The composite negs are used to make a proof so that we can catch mistakes and correct them before it goes to the printer. Also, trim marks are added to the negs for the printer to use for registration and cutting.

The final composite negatives go the printer, who etches the image from each negative onto a flexible metal plate. Using an offset printer, the right-reading plate is rapped around a cylinder and inked, the ink image is transferred to a rubber cylinder, or blanket, wrong-reading, and then another which rolls over the paper, leaving a right-reading image on the page. The paper has to go through this process four times, once for each of the four colors. After it is dry, the paper is cut, and there you have a map. (If you want to know more about the printing process, talk to Steve Salaba.)

There's More Than One Way To Juggle A Cat

Rolf Wilson / 611 W. Hill / Champaign, IL 61820 / (217) ELYSIUM

People have asked me on several occasions whether I could juggle cats, with am implied statement that my failure to have done so meant failing to meet up to some standard of which I was unaware of. Well, now I have. I don't mean the little beanbag cats that you can buy in the store, which I also have a set up. I mean real live cats, although not in the way that you might first think of.

Left to their own devices, cats get fleas. To prevent this, during the summer we dip them in flea dip, which is a couple of gallons of water mixed with some sort of chemical. Smells bad. The cats hate it, even the really placid one. So when I throw them in the upstairs bathroom and close the door, they know what is going to happen. So one day, I had already trapped one cat in the bathroom, and grabbed the other two who were incautiously lolling about and tossed them in the bathroom door. They all decided to make a break for it. Grab. Toss. Grab. Toss. Grabtossgrabtossgrabtossgrabtoss... I got them all in, then realized that I had juggled cats. Not upward against the force of gravity, but inward against the force of their desire to go outward. If perhaps I did not have to make as many throws per second as in normal juggling, you may consider it to be offset by the unexpected timing imposed by live objects actively avoiding being caught. I think it qualifies.

I didn't really explain the title of my last zine High Tech Old Time Summer Evenings. This was my phrase to describe sitting on a porch swing watching the old-style streetlights lighting the brick street while talking to my friends on a cordless telephone.

After a year, Mary finally has a regular schedule. Just in time, so she will not have to work much overtime during the Post Office Christmas rush. Her hours could be better - she works 3:30pm to midnight every day but Sunday and Thursday - but there is great relief for both of us in actually knowing when she will be home. It also helps your sleep schedule to not have to work until 4am on random evenings.

I don't seem to be writing this in any sort of order, but who cares. I just finished Chapterhouse Dune, the sixth and final Dune book. My advice is still to just read the first book and stop there. But since I had read all the others, I persevered. I know that there won't be any more - Herbert is dead. However --- he wasn't finished!

I have been taking an evening or two every week to torture myself. This takes the form of running around an indoor track for about 25 minutes. Boring is the first word that comes to mind. But as long as I've gone to the trouble of changing clothes and driving over to the Armory, I might as well. By the time you add up the time taken to change clothes, drive, warm up, run, cool down, drive back, shower and change clothes again you have used up a big chunk of your evening. I just hope that I get some of the time back in terms of improved physical condition allowing me to need less sleep, feel better, etc. I did this fairly seriously in 1982, and I kept track of my times. Sadly, I wrote them down. Now I can compare my present efforts to my past efforts, and prove how out of shape I have been.

Chambanacon is held every Thanksgiving in Champaign. It is a quiet little con which requires so little effort to run that it is run by some people who haven't lived in Champaign in many years. I don't know if I have ever even met them. No complaints, except for one. They have been using the same restaurant guide for many years. Of course I don't need it, but it always bothered me to see our town so sadly misrepresented. So a few of us decided to make our own. It isn't a large project, consisting mainly of drawing a map and collecting information, but it has turned out to be interesting. It also allows you to express a bit of opinion - you don't have to say bad things about anyone - you can simply leave them off the list. If you find a mysterious restaurant guide at Chambanacon, you will be one of the few who knows where it came from. Even the SMOFs need some behind-the-scene help now and then.

I had some fun at work discussing something I read in an old Analog somewhere. John Campbell was trying to decide what the longest-lasting artifact or artifacts left behind by human beings would be. His best guess was toilet bowls. Physically tough, chemically resistant, and scattered about in the millions. My geologist friends did not think that they were properly located to be incorperated into the fossil record. Maybe if someone builds landfills out of them...

Gostak Distims Doshes; Film at Eleven

W. Skeffington Higgins

November 27, 1987

One in a long series of epistolary notices from W. Skeffington Higgins, 853 Lorlyn Drive, West Chicago, Illinois 60185. Phone: (312)293-1050. This is another Spinthairiscope Media publication, for Apa-Tech 58.

Well, gee whiz, what's happened since I last wrote? Been to NASFiC in Phoenix. Visited Biosphere II, Kitt Peak Observatory, and Tucson bookstores in a whirlwind day trip. Did the Bill & Barry Show at Conclave. Assembled my newfound Mars knowledge into a slideshow, and delivered it at Windycon and at the Chicago Academy of Sciences. Hit a space activist conference in Columbus, a summit meeting of Illinois NSS chapters in Champaign, and a conference organizing an Illinois Space Institute (to lure more space R&D money into the state) in Chicago. Kept running proton beams to our experiments day in and day out, enduring four big breakdowns and a major experiment fire in the process.

Barry decided to accept a postdoc job at the University of Chicago! So once again we'll be neigbors soon. Well, he'll probably live an hour or more away, but that's as good as next door to my lifestyle. The other big news around here is that Alice Bentley has decided to open an SF bookstore in Chicago next year, with Greg Ketter to providing part of the investment and remote-control expertise from Minneapolis. Alice is also chairing Capricon this year, so she'll be *real* busy for the indefinite future.

My sister Megan, the dietitian-philosopher, has found a place of her own in Hinsdale after sharing my apartment for more than a year. I'll miss her, but it means I'll get the use of my study back. And I'll probably see her just about as often as I ever did (we both have eccentric working hours, so we didn't intersect much). I'll be spending a couple weeks in Miami for Christmas; it'll be the first time all four Higgins children— five if you count Moira's husband Greg— have been together for Christmas in many, many years. Then back 30 December in time for Ishercon. Anybody want to give me a ride home from O'Hare?

Mailing Comments on Apa-Tech 55

Bonnie— Covert Beach's Worldcon-attendance map postcard was a nice surprise. But it was damn busy. I had to study it a long time before I realized that the colors of the bar graph were the same as the colors of the towns where Worldcons had been held. And the binary-logarithmic scale of the graphs made them unfamiliar and hard to read. Evidently Covert hadn't read Edward Tufte's excellent *The Visual Display of Quantitative Data* (1983, Graphics Press, Cheshire, Connecticut). Despite the title, it's a fascinating book with lots of good advice about making graphs.

Orbiting big mirrors to illuminate areas of the Earth is an idea that goes back at least to Hermann Oberth in the 1920's, and Peenemunde alumnus Krafft Ehricke pushed it pretty hard about ten years ago. You could light city streets, extend the growing season at higher latitudes, or warm up a cold region with extra sunlight. One mirror or several could illuminate a solar-cell farm on the ground, eliminating the need for complicated orbital powersats, microwave transmitters, and rectenna farms. I recall that the Department of Defense considered the idea in the sixties to turn night-fighting in the Mekong Delta into daytime warfare.

The drawbacks of the solar-mirror idea are pretty obvious: the effects on ecology and weather would be large and hard to calculate. In this country, I'm sure environmentalists would start screaming if you even talked about it! The Soviet Union might be able to get away with it. But would they really want to?

As for books to live in, how about the Hundred Acre Wood in *Winnie-the-Pooh?* Not too dangerous, lots of pleasant (if somewhat neurotic) characters for company. Intellectual challenge would be limited... I also might like Known Space in Beowulf Shaeffer's time, or the Okefenokee Swamp.

Rod— Would you serve Kangaroo Patties in Pocket Pita Sandwiches?// You speculate "perhaps we may even be able to fall in love artificially..." I hope you recognize a story idea when you utter one! Why

would a person *want* to fall in love by artificial means? Would it cost a lot? If it only cost a little, would you take a treatment every spring? Every day?// I am ranked even higher than your 93rd percentile in test-taking skills.// Sailing is neat, and I would love to do it with some frequency. Not enough to buy my own boat, however. Wish I knew somebody who'd invite me sailing now and then.

Linda— More sailing!// I'm looking forward to seeing you and Yas over Christmastime.// I wish we Americans could get a peek at the state of Japanese SF, and Japanese fandom. Maybe translations will become more common through the efforts of Fred Pohl's World SF and other forces. (There is a finite, if limited, selection of European and Soviet SF available.) I think Japanese culture (with a lot already borrowed from the West) is likely to have a big influence on American popular culture in the nineties. Popular songs will have Japanese lyrics. More people will study Japanese in school. Their giant robots are already raising our children.

Joa— When you left you tea collection with me and moved out of Chicago, I had no idea you were carrying on a tradition! I am drinking my way through your various British and German teas and quite enjoying them. I'm waiting for your essay on brewing techniques. I brew teas the way my parents and their Scots & Irish forebears did, if perhaps a bit stronger. Throw a few spoonfuls of tea in the pot, then pour boiling water into it and let it stand until the liquid is dark. I don't really care for the pale stuff Chinese restaurants serve, and I prefer loose tea to teabags where practical. I am curious to know if I am brewing the "right" way, and whether you can recommend a better way.

In November I accompanied Valli to a bookstore in Geneva and helped her pick out some titles to begin to rebuild your SF collection. Good luck!

Greg— The radiothermal-generator frankings were a nice addition to my collection, but, I fear, a bit overwhelming for Apa-Tech. Still, the technical detail turned up some nifty items. See for example Bennett *et al,* page 51, top of second column. Where do you go to buy magnesium-thorium alloy stock?

Mailing Comments on Apa-Tech 56

Susannah— Re African Affairs: I had a course in African Studies in high school. Mr. Burrus taught it; he was a white Florida good ol' boy who became fascinated with Africa in college and had majored in African history. He was an excellent teacher despite being a jock, and was one of the first graduates of the young Christopher Columbus Catholic High School for Boys to return there to teach.

New Scientist is certainly one of the best general-science magazines going, despite a dearth of color illustrations and slick pages. But it sure costs a fortune! The fact that it's a weekly, and has to be imported from England, has something to do with the steep price, of course...// Count me among the Philistines who don't enjoy opera. Otherwise my musical tastes are fairly broad.// The *Starwind* flyer badly needs a logo or zippy artwork to catch the eye. Have you thought of sending a few hundred to your congoing friends, who could distribute them on flyer tables around the Midwest or the country?

Valli— How about quoting some typical *Star Trek* dialogue in Italian?// Hmm, if I store books in a basement, I'll try to put the boxes up on cinder blocks or something. Actually those same floods were a little worrisome here. As you know, I live on a riverbank, and the shore was creeping closer and closer to the patio door of my ground-floor apartment. I spent some time with my neighbor outlining geometric arguments why the water couldn't get that far, while he busied himself building cofferdams out of scrap lumber. (I was right, by about 20 feet.)

Joa— Nobody should have handwriting as good as yours is...// Can you go to some racetrack and watch the Milan bus drivers race? I think a bus race would be fun to watch. Also, I've always secretly wanted to race construction equipment. Especially Travelift mobile overhead cranes.// "High Tea at Fortnum & Mason's?" Describe, please.// The "Eurotube" idea is cute, but will make more sense when and if the Channel Tunnel is complete. Do you know anything about its progress?

Rod— Re Lexicon (or whatever you will call it): What does "sponsored by a local TV station" mean? Will you get money from them? Free publicity? Other kinds of help? I'm interested in how a con could make use of a TV station. Good luck with it. I know how much work running a con can be!// Do you use color microfilm for maps, or just B&W?// Just what was so interesting about *Magnus, Robot Fighter?* Everybody seems to like it; I never saw enough issues in the barbershop to get a feel for the book. (Of course my parents never allowed us to *buy* comic books.)

Guy— I have seen both the West Chicago and the Detroit videotapes of the summer's Copper Country Berserker, and I was hanging around while Mary Lynn Johnson edited them into a highlights tape which will be seen at Ishercon. I think the best thing about the Berserker was that it proved that GT can still be innovative, and get into new sorts of mischief. Congratulations are due you for ramrodding the effort. (Credit is due a lot of other people who worked on

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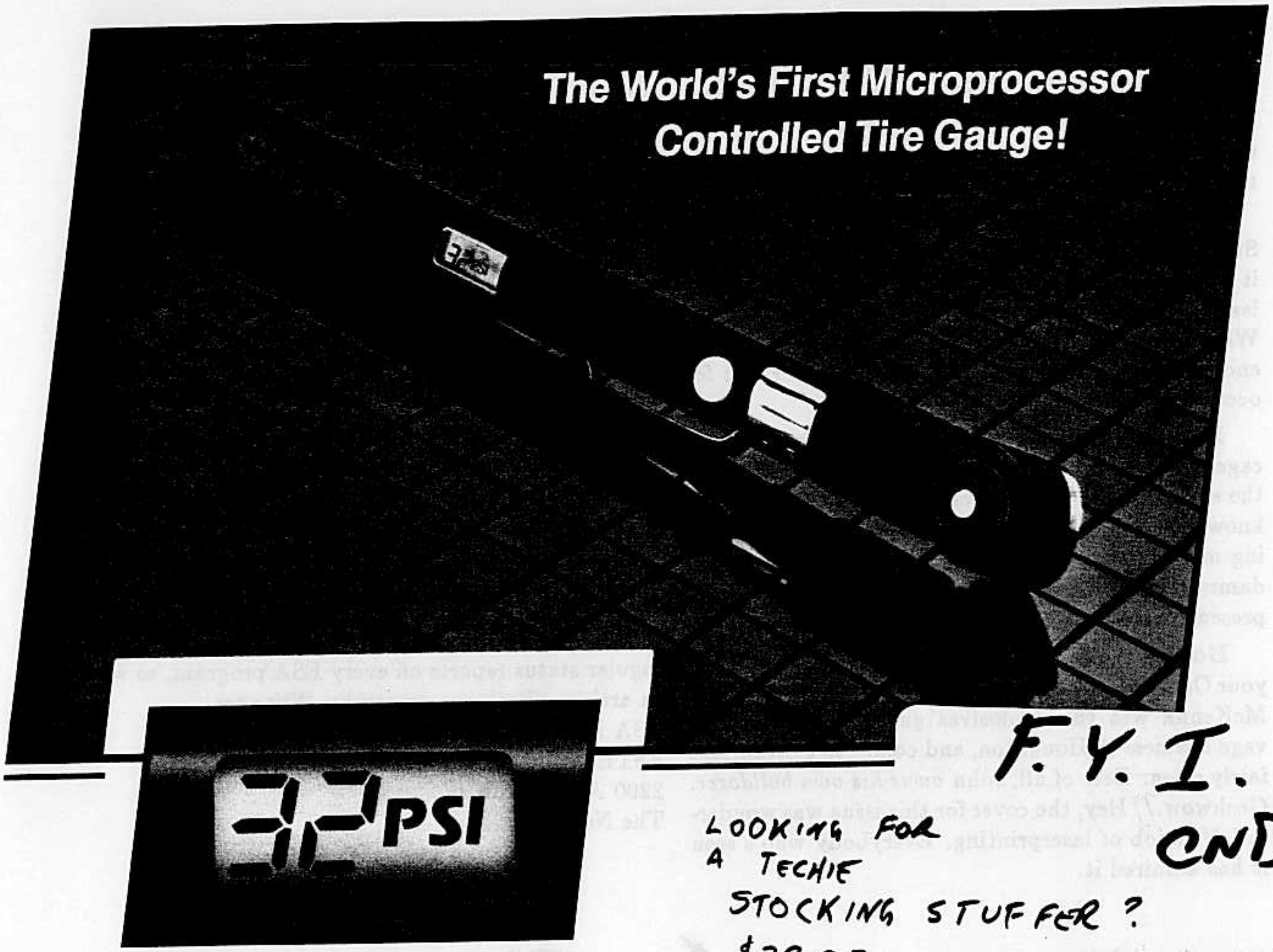

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organizing it, too, of course. But you were undoubtedly the Spritual Leader. This makes poor Al Duester the Prophet in the Wilderness, since he tried several times but could never get a Berserker to happen in the U. P.)

I am skeptical about your inflatable structure. Sure, you can keep it going for a weekend, but will it last on a permanent basis? What if it springs a leak? Perhaps, as a surplus item, it's already leaky. What about power failures? Of course, if it's cheap enough, maybe you don't care and can reserve it for occasional use only. (Ishercon? (-:)

Barry— Congratulations on the new job! Chicago awaits your arrival with bated breath.// I hope the effects of your Quebec visit have worn off. I don't know how many more French messages my answering machine can take.// Oh, yeah. Happy birthday, dammit. This'll probably reach you long before my present will. But I *did* get you something.

Donna— So are you and Tullio gonna publish your Ooh-Aahh Ratings Results for Fireworks?// John McKenna was the explosives guy. He runs a salvage business in Houghton, and comes to conventions fairly often. Best of all, John *owns his own bulldozer*. Goshwow.// Hey, the cover for this issue was wonderful! Nice job of laserprinting. Everybody who's seen it has admired it.

The Best of Miles J. Breuer

Miles J. Breuer is forgotten now, but in the late twenties and early thirties he was one of the hottest SF writers around. "The Gostak and the Doshes" was one of his most famous stories. Frankly, I found its reputation exaggerated. You can find it collected in *The Arbor House Treasury of Science Fiction Masterpieces,* edited by Robert Silverberg and Martin Harry Greenberg. This book contains such oft-discussed but rarely-reprinted items as Verne's "In the Year 2889" and Karl Capek's "R. U. R."

Read Space News At European Expense

Some of you have been asking for more poop on space flight. Here's a little-known fact: The European Space Agency's magazines are FREE. Better yet, they're paid for with someone else's tax money! *ESA Journal* is for technical papers, *ESA Bulletin* is more general– if still pretty technical– and includes regular status reports on every ESA program, as well as articles. Both are quarterly. Write to:

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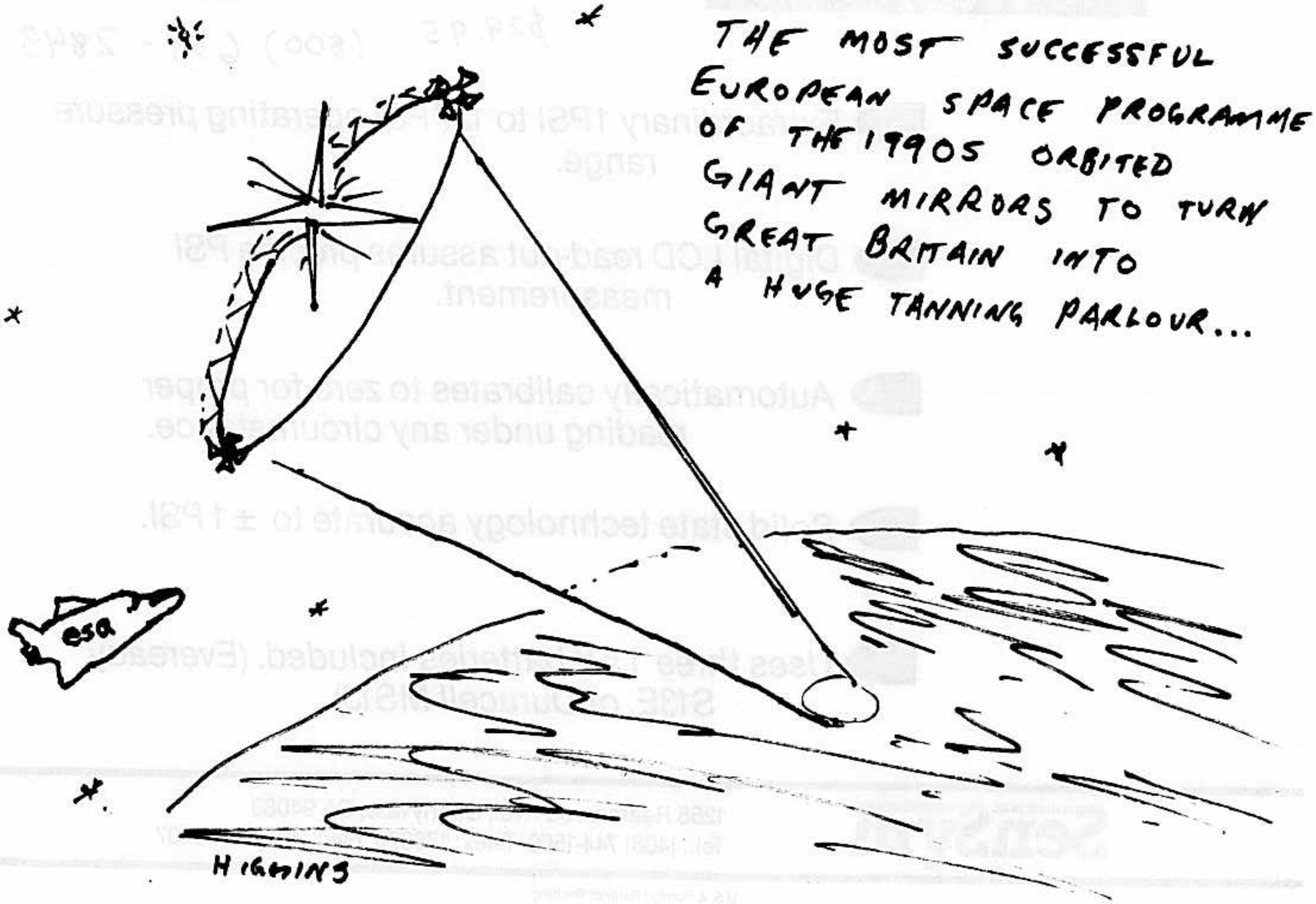

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL EUROPEAN SPACE PROGRAMME OF THE 1990S ORBITED GIANT MIRRORS TO TURN GREAT BRITAIN INTO A HUGE TANNING PARLOUR...

Wandering Through a Bent Universe

Gabe & Audrey Helou
555 Brush Street, #1509
Detroit, MI 48226

An introduction is in order. Audrey and I are basically just another young couple trying to achieve the American Dream or something approximating it. So far we've settled for a CD player and a VCR. I'm sure the rest will come later. To help further the search, I took a job with Ford Motor Co. as a computer programmer and Audrey became a technical writer for Engineering Mechanics Research Corporation (a consulting firm and software house). We have no children. All the books we've read about finding the American Dream say we should both work in big business and have no children until after we are 30. These same books tell me I should wear a yellow tie with tiny paisley things all over it, but I do have my limits. Audrey has violated the chapter that states she must spend all of her net income on new clothes for the office; that seems to result in a net gain of zero. Perhaps we should buy some ties and dresses and see if our lot in life improves. Hmmm . . . I digress.

We reside in downtown Detroit and live to tell about it. Actually, downtown is a fairly safe environment (for a city). It's the outskirts of the city that are really scary. Although Audrey is pretty much a city girl (she grew up in the nearby suburbs), I come from a small town. I'm working in a building that has more people in it than my home town. Every once and a while I need to get in a car, drive far north, and surround myself with trees and birds. Detroit has a few token trees and some newly released falcons (real ones, not Ford Falcons), but it's just not the same.

We are both graduates of Central Michigan University. My degree is in computer science and hers is in psychology. She is but a thesis away from a masters. She decided I was a fascinating case study and agreed to marry me. Until recently, we never attended cons and neither of us attended school in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. How, then, did we end up occupying space on this page? It seems I knew someone at Michigan Tech. who introduced us to other people who introduced us to more people, &c. There are seven people listed in the current roster who now know us. They are responsible for having now introduced us to the remainder of you. Social entropy is a fascinating thing. Now you know a little about us and, in time, we about you. On to other topics.

Issue 55 featured a number of hand-written pages; the vast majority of pages I've seen have been typed or printed. This has caused me to take a look at the impact my job has had on my handwriting. It is terrible. During my early high-school years, my handwriting was reasonably legible. During my junior year I took a typing class. That seemed to be the start of it all; by the time a diploma was handed to me, my handwriting was noticeably worse. During college, writing became such a chore that I did each draft of my papers, from first to last, on a typewriter.

Word processors were my final undoing. When my major changed to computer science, any remaining style or legibility vanished from my fingers. To make matters worse, typing wasn't good enough any more. I would refuse to type any- thing, waiting until I could get to a computer to be creative. I also took minimal notes in class. These notes, to the casual observer, appeared cryptic and terse. Doctors have better handwriting.

In the future, I may attempt to flex my fingers and use a pen to write a few pages. For now, I remain a keyboard addict.

Recently Yours,

Jake & Audrey

P. S. Do any of you have any experience in the realm of psychology? Audrey has a thesis committee that is nearing comatose and has few suggestions for a topic. She has a little over 1-1/2 years left to get the thing approved, researched and written and can't come up with an original, yet practical, research subject.

ROOFTOPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD

(" ... falling on my head like a new emotion ... ")

Gregory Ruffa
10380 Maya Linda Rd., Apt. C-303
San Diego, Calif. 92126
(619)-695-8647

* * *

The last two months certainly kept **me** out of circulation. Shalmaneser has already explained why this issue of **APA-TECH** didn't come out in November. The reasons I wasn't attending to this were the result of my being available and volunteering to help out (like I don't already have enough side projects).

Just briefly, I'll mention the high points of last summer. In the middle of July, one of my co-workers and I took the local Museum of Science tour of Mt. Palomar Observatory, which I'd been trying to get tickets for for three years (visitation by the public is very limited and the tour is incredibly popular). The next week, I went to Boulder, Colorado for the Case for Mars III Conference, where I presented my paper on a manned Mars vehicle which breaks planetary orbit through the use of an Orbital Transfer Vehicle (a **big** cryogenic rocket) and covers the interplanetary transfer by ion propulsion. The propulsion session had over a dozen papers, suggesting that there's lots of people who take going to Mars seriously enough to do ship designs. I'd conclude from the presentations that we **could** try for Mars in ten years, but we're more like twenty to thirty years away from a really well-designed mission.

In September, I went to Phoenix for the NASFiC. Right before it started, I got to see the Biosphere-II facilities near Oracle Junction (ground-breaking for the self-contained, human-designed environment is underway) and Kitt Peak National Observatory, thanks to the arrangements Bill Higgins managed to wangle. We couldn't get a staff member to show us around, so we had to "settle" for having Dr. Sydney Wolff, the observatory director, take us through the four-meter telescope dome. It was very good of her to take time out to accommodate us, particularly during the steady downpour that greeted us up in the mountains. Naturally, being with Higgins & Co., a raid on the bookstores of Tucson was obligatory. It was good to see some of you at the convention, although I was a bit disappointed that attendance wasn't stronger. A week later, I was in Boulder again for a meeting of the AIAA National Technical Committee on Space Sciences and Astronomy, on which I sit until mid-1990. We met at Ball Aerospace, a couple miles east of the Mall. Some of the committee members set up visits for us to selected Ball labs and to the building (I've forgotten its name) where NOAA and the Air Force monitor solar activity (the Sun was pretty quiet while we stopped by) and one of the places where the National Bureau of Standards tells you The Correct Time. At Ball, I saw the spacecraft bus for CRRES (Combined Release and Radiation Effects Satellite), which I'd just done some mission analysis for (see below) and the lab where the Halley Multi-color Camera on Giotto was built (they showed us a neat movie of the approach to the comet's nucleus). One of my duties on the Technical Committee is to write an article for the annual "highlights" issue of **Aerospace America**, AIAA's clubzine. So there I am in the December issue, with no byline (though, I discovered later that all the contributors are credited on an Authors page way in the back of the magazine). I've franked a copy of the page...

Anyhow, things were so quiet at work that I offered to take over a second-semester flight mechanics course at San Diego State University when it got started in August. My boss taught it last year, but now he's our department chief and has rather less time to teach; he suggested my name to the Aerospace Engineering department there. That went pretty well until November, when they found something at work for me to do. Once General Dynamics decided to build their eighteen new Atlas/Centaurs for commercial use, we started answered requests for proposals like crazy. A very large effort arose about two months ago; since I wasn't particularly busy at my regular job, I was commandeered to help. This meant whipping up a performance capability presentation on real short notice to take to General Electric in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania (yes, they **do** build satellites, since GE bought RCA and its Astro Division). One nice thing that came of this is that I got to visit my folks for a weekend, as they were only a ninety minutes' drive away. After that, I was simply scrunched under the combination of working late to support GE's proposal and teaching two nights a week (plus the demands of course preparation). I did little else for the next six weeks: no Christmas shopping, no card-writing, no etc. As it was, I spent part of my time off (I was back in New Jersey from December 19th to January 3rd) solving my own final exam and grading homework; I'm still finishing exam grading now...

So what am I doing now? I came back here feeling nominally sane and ready for the New Year. Everything that we let slide at the end of last year came to life at once. I am mission engineer in Flight Mechanics for the Eutelsat-II mission, which is our first commercial launch, scheduled for spring of 1990. We have a meeting with the Europeans in about a week and a first major design review in March. As I type this (10 January), I am on my way in to work again to look at some computer runs. The study on hazard analysis for radio-thermal generator use on Titan/Centaur missions is due on March 31st; I have some work connected with this. A feasibility study for an aerobraking experiment using the Centaur upper stage finally began (two months late) and I am doing the trajectory analysis for that. Why is this such a crisis? Because I am leaving town today for a week to go to the AIAA Aerospace Sciences Meeting in Reno. This started out as my request to go to the next meeting of my Technical Committee and could I maybe go a day early and see a little of the conference? I found out last Tuesday that my boss got money to send me to the whole thing! So I sort of have mixed emotions: it's great to get to hear a week of sessions, but the timing is lousy... I'll try to console myself somehow.

* * *

We finally moved to a nicer location at work at the end of October and the wave of refurbishment has reached our old building. The surroundings are in better shape, but our population is packed a bit more densely. Flight Mechanics is out **hiring** right now, because we'll be going nuts with work this year. In addition to Eutelsat, we are launching the next three GOES weather satellites for NOAA and it is highly likely that we will launch the next five to ten geosynchronous communications satellites for the Navy. That was the big effort I was engulfed in: three spacecraft manufacturers were bidding for that Navy contract and, under the new rules, they now procure launch services directly, instead of going through NASA. This meant that we had to write three separate proposals for the same mission, in order to cover ourselves no matter who won the satellite contract. It was just my luck that GE started their design effort very late and we had to do three months' worth of analysis in five weeks. CRRES will be launched on our next Atlas/Centaur under an unusual arrangement: we are bartering the rocket to NASA for a pile of Atlas/Centaur parts they can't use. We are talking to many European groups and have already won the launch of a scientific mission that I shan't name here (for certain reasons, the group concerned won't announce the selection until **next** year). Business seems to be so good that high-level management is talking of extending the production run of 18 A/Cs by **another** fourteen! We even had an enquiry from JPL about using an Atlas-E (one of the former ICBMs) to send something to the Moon in September of 1989; I have no idea what mission that's supposed to be (someone else in our group is doing that study).

* * *

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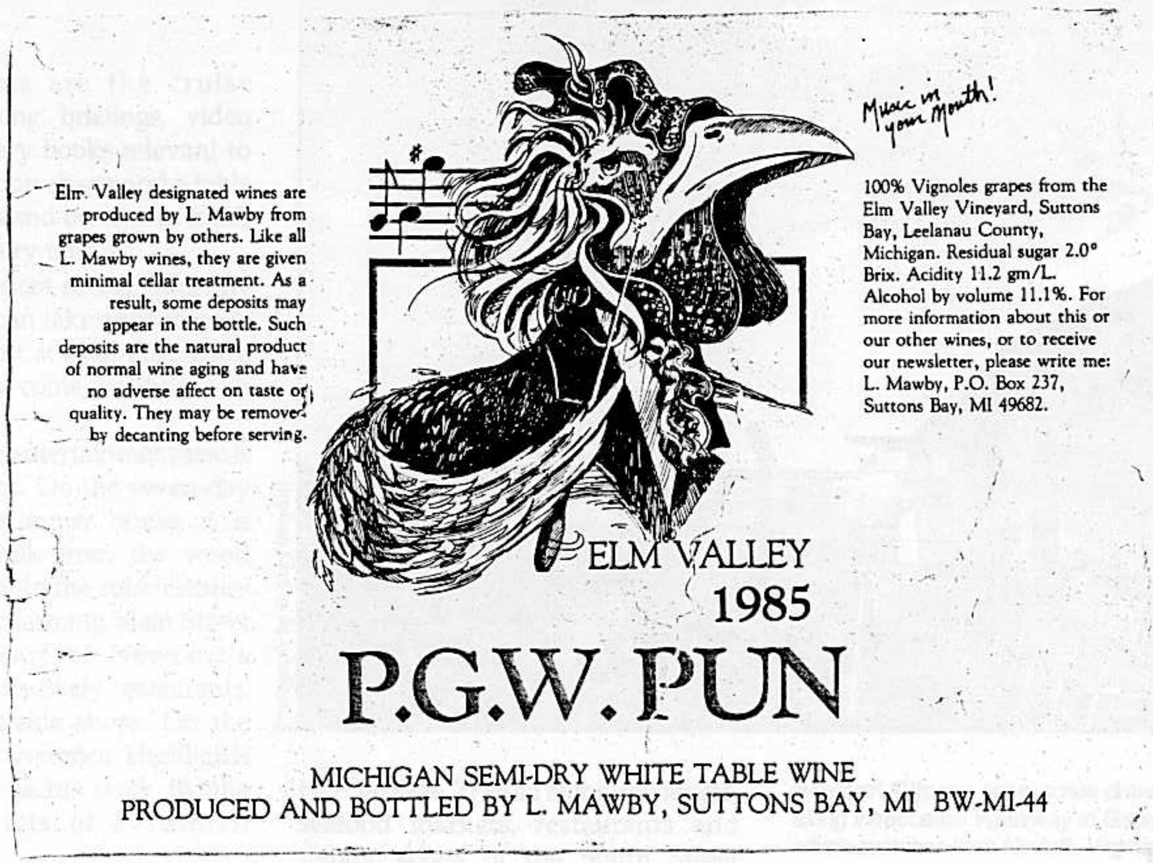

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Trust Barry to give me something that's a Pun. My thanks to you, Sir: we enjoyed it at a Thanksgiving dinner with some of my co-workers. (The label was perhaps an unnecessary reminder, however: I already know you're Pretty Good With a Pun...)

* * *

I broke down and got myself upgraded to an Amiga 2000, while the trade-in deal was available. I've had a second internal disk drive installed in it, so now I have three drives and no desk space for all this hardware (I may be looking at "computer furniture" shortly). So far, I have discovered a hardware problem, with a loud buzzing emerging from one of the audio channels, and the fact that the A2000 operating system doesn't seem to like most of my purchased software (including Balance of Power, Rolf). I can run all of my own programs in BASIC and my word processor and painting and animation programs seem OK. Looks like I'll be popping down to the dealer in a week to find out which of these problems were anticipated and which can be fixed...

May looks like another travelling month for me. My next Committee meeting is back in Crystal City at the AIAA Annual Meeting. I am giving serious thought to coming to Illinois during the week after Memorial Day, since the shortness of the work week will match my available vacation hours by then. I may hit the Space Development Conference in Denver on the way out, so I'm looking for information on that.

I'll have to catch up on mailing comments next time. Hope the New Year treats you well! (I'm already forgetting about '87...)

from Westways, June 1987

The Godfather of SCI-FI

A lifelong love of the fantastic has made Forrest Ackerman the undisputed king of the bizarre

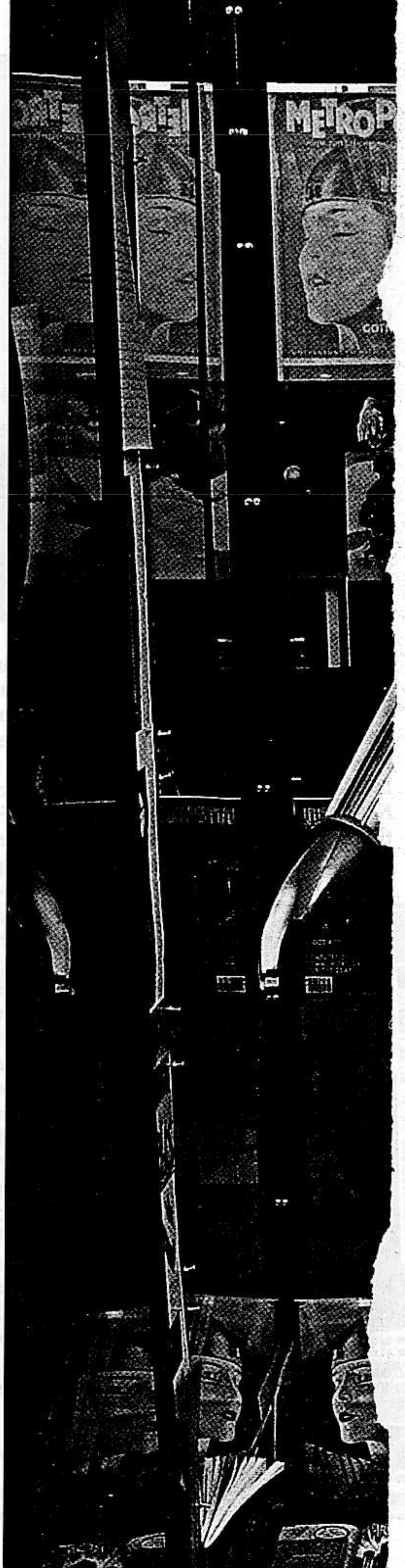
TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE MURPHY

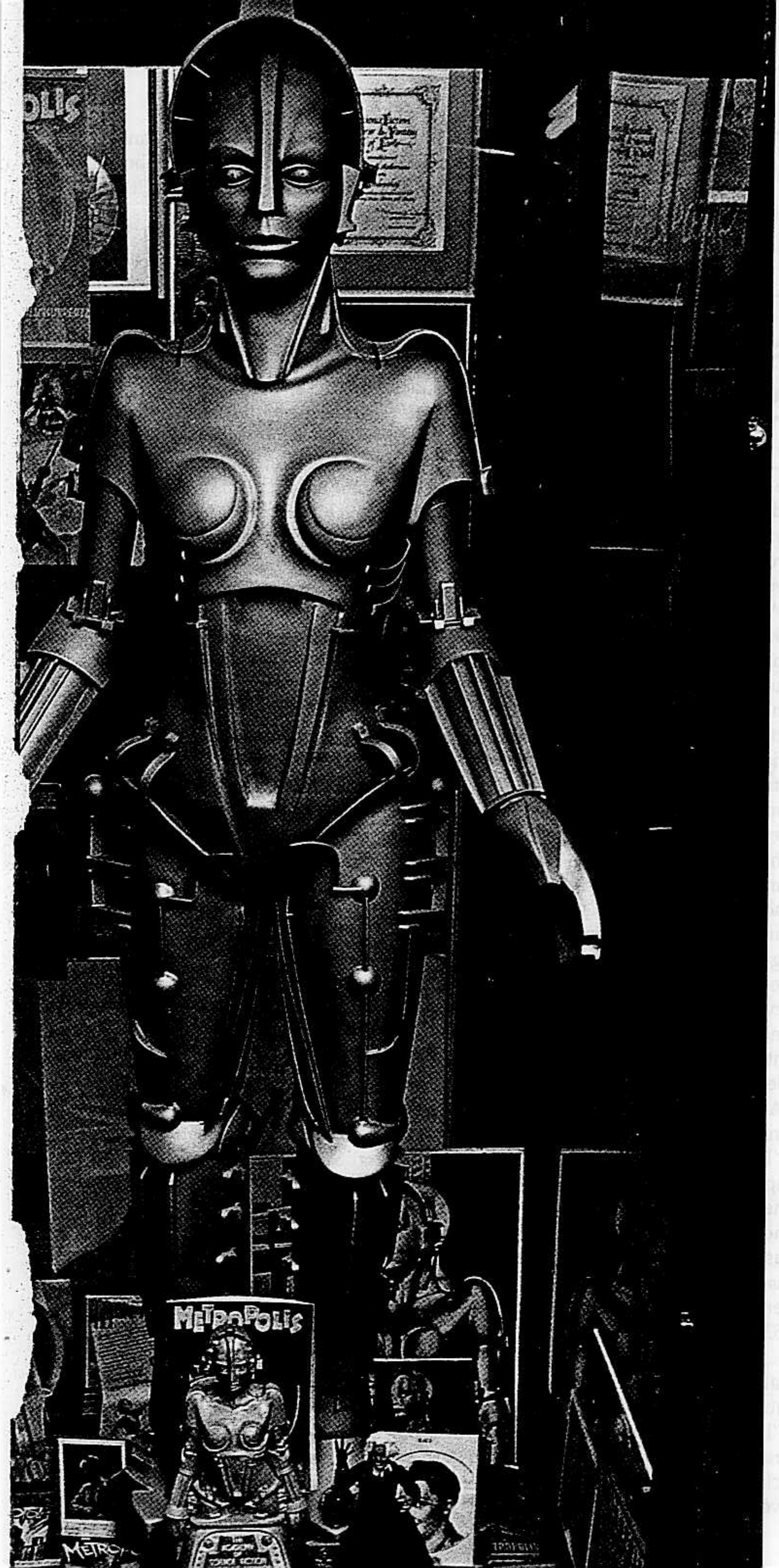
The life-size robot, *"Maria" (right), stands like an overseer for an empire of memorabilia. Curator/archivist Ackerman (seated, above) carries on a continual correspondence with an army of science fiction lovers.*

"When I came into this room for the first time," recalls Forrest J. Ackerman, glancing nostalgically through the spacious basement complex of his Los Angeles home, "I looked around and thought to myself, 'No problem; this area will go on forever.' I never imagined I could fill up the entire space, and yet here it is." Alas, little more than a decade has passed since this internationally acclaimed collector, known to his many admirers as Mr. Science Fiction, was crowded out of his last home.

Yet once again it seems his cup runneth over. As a matter of fact, so do the 18 rooms and expansive three-car garage that currently house the monumental science fiction and fantasy artifacts collection he has been amassing for the last 60-odd years.

What started with the purchase of a 25-cent magazine from a newsstand in 1926 ("It jumped off the rack, grabbed hold of me and said, 'Take me home, little boy; you will love me'") has mushroomed into the largest privately owned collection of science fiction memorabilia in the world, including some 125,000 movie stills, 37,500 books and countless magazines plus movie posters,





paintings, masks, costumes, autographs, even a life-size robotrix named Maria, who stands guard over the entire assemblage like some silent sentry from her Plexiglas case.

Actually, Ackerman doesn't really mind all the rubble. He merely accepts it as the inevitable result of his lifelong addiction to science fiction and fantasy, which started when he was a toddler. Along the way, this writer/editor/agent/collector has become one of the foremost exponents of science fiction, helping both to define and promote it while collecting, cataloging and documenting many of its treasures. He has also brought no small measure of respectability to this genre.

Ackerman is even credited with coining the term "sci-fi" back in 1954 while riding around in the car with his German-born wife, Wendayne. "We had the radio on," he recalls with obvious delight, "and somebody said something about 'hi-fi.' Since science fiction was and is always uppermost in my mind, I simply opened my mouth and there on the tip of my tongue was 'sci-fi.' " The term caught on immediately, and since those early days, the Ackermans have heard and seen it used in every country from Japan to Russia. "Sci-fi" can even be found in most dictionaries.

Ackerman first tapped into the world of science fiction as a youngster growing up in Los Angeles in the 1920s. With the wholehearted support of his doting grandparents, the boy gorged himself on a steady diet of silent movies and entire issues of *Ghost Stories Magazine,* which included sections by writers such as Edgar Allan Poe, H.G. Wells and Jules Verne. Ackerman was drawn into the world of fantasy and adventure, watching movies like Lon Chaney's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and the ultimate Douglas Fairbanks vehicle, *The Thief of Bagdad.*

In 1927 the now-classic film *Metropolis,* a futuristic tale of a city in the 21st century, had a profound effect on the young man. Ackerman later met the film's director, Fritz Lang, in

Actor Rod Steiger's *body cast from the movie* The Illustrated Man *looms amid the fantastic clutter of Ackerman's collection. The head, of course, is a humorous afterthought.*

Ackerman is credited with coining the term "sci-fi" back in 1954

1931, and the two remained fast friends until Lang's death many years later. During his long career as editor in chief of *Famous Monsters*, the world's leading horror magazine, Ackerman also met and became friends with some of sci-fi's most illustrious lights, boyhood favorites like H.G. Wells and Edgar Rice Burroughs as well as celluloid stars such as Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Vincent Price and Peter Lorre.

At least for the moment, Ackerman still manages his own collection out of his overflowing basement quarters, but at 70 he's anxious to see his treasures find a permanent home once and for all. For more than five years, the collector and Los Angeles city officials were involved in negotiations to establish such a site somewhere within city confines, but those plans seem to have reached a permanent impasse, according to Ackerman. So, too, has the offer from nearby Long Beach, which had originally volunteered two decks of the *Queen Mary*—some 60,000 square feet—for the privilege of displaying the Ackerman artifacts. Still, interest in displaying the sci-fi memorabilia remains high, and in the last several months alone, inquiries have come in from places as diverse as Cleveland, Long Island, UC Riverside and Florida's Epcot Center.

Wherever the treasures finally land, Ackerman hopes to maintain partial control over their layout and display, a subject to which he has given a great deal of thought. At the museum entrance, for example, he envisions a series of suspended cubes illuminated from within, which would slowly revolve, revealing on each face color photos or paintings of the people behind science fiction and fantasy—names such as Verne, Poe, Wells, Ray Bradbury, Hugo Gernsback, Arthur C. Clarke, Isaac Asimov and A.E. Van Vogt, as well as the new generation of science fiction visionaries such as Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, John Landis and Stephen King, who once sent Ackerman a story for review as a fledgling 13-year-old writer.

After more than a half-century of nonstop collecting, Ackerman admits he'll be relieved to entrust the responsibility of his collection to others. "I had tabs on the field at one time, but all that has changed," he muses nostalgically. "In 1926, there was one monthly magazine, by 1930 there were about seven, and by 1953—in one mad month—there were 49 periodicals worldwide that qualified in the science fiction and fantasy category.

"It's no longer possible for me—one person—to keep up with it all," declares Ackerman. "I think I would have to be independently wealthy, retired, have a staff of five people and spend all day long doing nothing but writing letters and filing things. It's just too much of a job."

As it is, Ackerman spends countless hours each week fielding questions from callers seeking information. The requests are both gratifying and a source of frustration. "I've always said that I feel like a sponge that should be squeezed as long as I'm around, but when I get to feeling like a reference desk and the whole day just gets away from me, I start going a little crazy," he admits. Just as time consuming but decidedly more fun are the weekend guided tours the enthusiastic booster gives to eager sci-fi pilgrims. "I try to keep the visits confined to Saturdays, but I don't always succeed," he explains, "especially if it's a now-or-never situation where people have traveled thousands of miles to see it."

Despite the intrusions on his time, Ackerman somehow finds the wherewithal to complete his own personal projects. Now at work on the second in a four-volume series on horror film history entitled *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, he is soon scheduled to begin work on a set of biographical books that will include the leading women of science fiction from *King Kong* star Fay Wray to current cult queen Bobbie Bresee. Also on tap for Ackerman and his wife in 1987 are trips to the Esperanto Language Convention in Poland, the World Science Fiction Convention in London and, later in the year, a stint in Lugano, Switzerland, where he will serve as the principal draw along with prominent pieces from his collection at a sci-fi symposium.

Then, says Ackerman, he would like to begin searching for a benefactor to fund him in an ongoing series of artifact-gathering expeditions to replenish and update his collection, once it has found a new home. "Who better than I would know where the goodies are and how to get hold of them?" he reasons. "What fun I'd have spending somebody else's money doing something I love."

Mars Underground News

VOLUME I, NUMBER 3 SUMMER 1987

CASE FOR MARS III
THE UNDERGROUND GOES ABOVE GROUND

Hundreds of scientists, engineers and others interested in Mars gathered in mid-July at the Case for Mars III conference held in Boulder, Colorado. The five-day program was the largest yet of the continuing series of symposia about future Mars exploration. Future issues of "The Mars Underground News" will detail the technical aspects of the conference.

Before the Case for Mars opened, The Planetary Society held a "Spacebridge" between the Soviet Union and the United States. Entitled "Together to Mars?", the four-hour-long satellite link enabled US and Soviet experts to discuss openly human flight to Mars. A surprising outcome of the electronic dialog was the view of Soviet space biologists that the life-on-Mars question is alive and well. This life, according to the Soviets, could be sequestered in underground niches, perhaps in special "oases" on the Red Planet.

At the opening session of the Case for Mars III, Thomas Paine, former NASA Administrator and chairman of the conference, observed, "If there isn't life on Mars, and if there wasn't life on Mars, there's damn well going to be."

Joining Dr. Paine at the opening, James Fletcher, current NASA Administrator, remarked, "I firmly believe that we *should* go to Mars. And I am confident that we *will* go. But how and when remain to be determined."

Rampaging through the conference was the growing debate over reestablishing human contact with the Moon before human flight to Mars. "It can be argued," noted NASA's Fletcher, "that the complexities and added costs of a lunar outpost may not be desirable or affordable. Nor may they be necessary for the initial phases of a Mars program, which would probably consist of *Apollo*-like landings, rather than a permanent outpost."

"Mars is so much more exciting," explained Carl Sagan at the conference. "It has so much more romance than the Moon. It's a much more feasible goal." Much to the chagrin of Moon-base advocates, the Cornell University astronomer added, "A lunar base wouldn't be just a detour on the road to Mars, but a trap. We would use up resources and indefinitely delay going to Mars."

Sagan struck a resounding chord with public audiences by calling for a US/USSR Mars expedition. Foreseeing a human mission to Mars no sooner than the first decade of the 21st century, Sagan stressed that a joint sojourn to Mars would move nations on Earth to "step back from the brink" of war. "There is a real and practical and sensible need for sustained cooperation between the US and the Soviet Union, to culminate in the first footfalls of human beings on Mars," he said.

A particularly welcomed speaker at the conference was a man who has already walked on another world. *Apollo 11* moonwalker Buzz Aldrin stood before a public audience 13 years to the day after he stood 240,000 miles away on the Moon.

The former astronaut told the audience of his support of the "Declaration for Mars," a document originated by The Planetary Society. Aldrin is now enlisting the endorsement of many diverse space organizations for the declaration, as well as the support of the other *Apollo* astronauts.

As for new goals and objectives for the US space program, Dr. Aldrin underscored what he senses is "America's love affair with space exploration, and those who dare to explore."

"The greatness is still there. It hasn't gone away. We're still a pioneering nation--and another vast, unexplored 'magnificent desolation' beckons," he said.--*Leonard David*

SOVIETS OUTLINE AMBITIOUS MARS PROGRAM: ROOM FOR US COOPERATION?

Soviet scientists unveiled an impressive but still sketchy set of robotic Mars missions for the 1990s during the first International Conference on Solar System Exploration, held May 19 to 21 in Pasadena.

Roald Kremnev, director of the Soviet Union's Babakin Center of Glavcosmos in Moscow, detailed a program using six separate probes to explore the surface of Mars and its atmosphere, and to return to Earth samples of the Red Planet. 1992 is the target for Soviet space officials to launch two small rovers to the martian surface, with French-built balloons carrying instrument packages. Two years later, another dual payload would land large rovers, each capable of trekking across 300 miles of terrain and scooping up surface samples.

Kremnev explained that in 1996 two final landers would touchdown on Mars, each carrying a small rover and an ascent vehicle. The rovers would collect soil and rock samples, and place them in the ascent stage to be blasted into Mars orbit and then sent to an Earth-orbiting space station. Failure to return samples would mean another attempt in 1998, the Soviet official said.

Soviet engineer Kremnev indicated in his talks the tough technical challenges to be overcome, particularly in sterilizing spacecraft to avoid contaminating Mars. Such a problem, he noted, "should be solved together."

US space scientist James Head of Brown University considers American cooperation as a measured possibility. Dr. Head told the "Mars Underground News," "My impression is two-fold: One, They would welcome discussion of possible joint activities. Second, joint work doesn't appear mandatory and they would press on and do it themselves if such cooperation is not forthcoming."

A similar position was held by University of Hawaii space scientist David Morrison. "What we have seen here is a Soviet program that is very ambitious. It looks as though they are quite capable of carrying out the entire exploration and sample program by themselves, although they have suggested they would like to do it jointly with the United States." Morrison believes that the US has only one or two years to decide to jump aboard the Soviet program.

Need for a quick US decision on cooperation was backed by Soviet space scientist Valeriy Barsukov, director of the Vernadsky Institute of Geochemistry and Analytical Chemistry in Moscow. "A large number of compromises can be found to the question of [US/USSR] division of work if a decision is taken to combine the effort," Dr. Barsukov told "The Mars Underground News." "But since the time is beginning to run out, if one is to take a decision along these lines, now is the time to do it. Because later on, as the people say, 'The train will be gone,'" he commented.

THE RIDE REPORT: OUTWARD TO MARS...BUT FIRST THE MOON

The long-awaited report on the future direction of the US civilian space program, from a NASA task force led by astronaut Sally Ride, was released in late August. Simply titled "Leadership and America's Future in Space," the 66-page study indentifies four candidate initiatives for study and evaluation:

--Mission to Planet Earth to characterize our home planet on a global scale;

--Exploration of the solar system by robotic means;

--Outpost on the Moon; and

--Humans to Mars.

"The intent is not to choose one initiative and discard the other three, but

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rather to use the four candidate initiatives as a basis for discussion," states the report.

Several ground rules constrained the report. Two that specifically affected the Mars proposal were that "the initiatives should achieve major milestones within two decades," and "the Humans to Mars initiative should be assumed to be an American venture." A cooperative US/USSR mission was not considered.

The report warns that the United States should avoid a "race to Mars," a possibility that could develop if the country announces a human Mars initiative at this time. Borrowing a phrase from the National Commission on Space's 1986 study. The Ride task force cautioned that the next goal for human space activity "not be another Apollo--a one-shot foray or a political stunt."

Emphasized in the report is an outpost on the Moon, the sensible site of a "natural progression of human exploration" before going to Mars. This objective could be realized by returning to the Moon in the year 2000, followed five years later by a lunar outpost capable of housing five astronauts for several weeks at a time. By 2010, a team of 30 explorers could be living on the Moon for months at a time. The lunar initiative, concluded Ride's report, will nurture the requisite expertise, technologies and confidence to commit the US to the human exploration of Mars.

NASA Administrator James Fletcher responded in part to Dr. Ride's findings by stating, "You have opened a bright window on the issues of leadership in space and the means to reach--and sustain--that position."

MARS SCAN

US MARS SAMPLE RETURN STUDIES: NASA has allocated $1.2 million in fiscal years 1987-1988 to support studies for a US Mars sample return mission. Task teams have been established at the NASA Johnson Space Center (JSC) and at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) to fund and manage the studies. Those contracted will be asked to study martian atmospheric entry, surface mobility and rover-lander rendezvous. If such a NASA mission to Mars were given a green light, a US mission would be launched in 1998. The vehicle would explore the martian surface and return an 11-pound sample of rock and soil to an Earth-orbiting space station in 2001.

LIFE IN THE ROCKS? New research suggests that the method by which lichens grow and live, and the traces they leave in Antarctic rocks when they die, might be clues in the search for evidence of life on Mars. According to E. Imre Friedman of Florida State University and Rebecca Weed of the University of Maine, fungi and algae, which form symbiotic lichen associations, grow in the porous sandstone rocks of the Ross Desert of Antarctica. These microorganisms are representative of the simple forms of early life on Earth. Early in its evolution, Mars may have had an environment similar to that found in the dry valleys of Antarctica. The probable presence of water during the early history of Mars raises the possibility of that primitive lifeforms might have developed. If so, Friedman and Weed suggest that martian rocks could have been the last habitable niche in a deteriorating environment, and these rocks may hold fossil traces of microorganisms.

THE TERRAFORMING OF JAMES FLETCHER: On several occasions this year, NASA Administrator James Fletcher has piqued the interests of audiences regarding the transformation of Mars to a more Earthly likeness. Speaking before the Federal City Club recently, Dr. Fletcher proposed a strategy to melt Mars' north polar cap by scattering carbon black pigment over its surface. Solar rays would be absorbed, melting the cap and creating a "runaway greenhouse" effect. As the planet warmed, blue-green algae could be planeted on Mars to release oxygen to the atmosphere. The results of this two-step strategy, noted Fletcher, would take a little time--over 12,000 years. "Of course, these processes also could be speeded up as a result of advances in science and technology that we can hardly imagine today," he added.

CENTERS TO FOCUS ON MOON AND MARS BASES: NASA's Office of Aeronautics and Space

Technology has announced a plan to establish a number of Space Engineering Research Centers. The activities of the centers are expected to focus on one or more research and technology areas that will enhance operational bases on the Moon, human and robotic missions to Mars, and missions to other parts of the solar system. Up to eight centers may be considered, with initial funding levels increased from approximately $0.5 million to over $1 million per year. For further information, call Steve Hartman at 202/453-2737.

US/USSR JOINT SPACE STUDY: Soviet and American scientists agreed in August to cooperate on a set of space research topics, including studies on the existence of life on other planets. A list of 26 US and Soviet experiments was approved by working groups from both countries. Among them is a continuation of US participation in the Soviets' biosatellite project. That program involves orbital flight of monkeys, rats and other living organisms. In addition, both sides will increase the exchange of data gleaned from human space flight, focusing on the improvement of medical treatment of cosmonauts and astronauts who undertake prolonged space voyages. Another aspect of cooperative research will involve working together on search strategies for life on Mars, as well as for extraterrestrial intelligence. The new agreements were an offshoot from a space cooperation agreement signed last April by Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard A. Shevardnadze and US Secretary of State George P. Schultz.

THE REFERENCE SHELF

A Strategy for Space Biology and Medical Science for the 1980s and 1990s is an excellent report from the National Academy of Sciences. This 196-page document discusses the problems associated with the physiological and biological effects on humans of longterm space flight. Bone loss, muscle remodeling, space anemia, motion sickness, human behavior and reproductive biology are reviewed within the context of life science experimentation in space. Contact: The National Academy of Sciences, Space Science Board, 2101 Constitution Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20418.

United States and Western Europe Cooperation in Planetary Exploration has been issued by the National Academy of Sciences' Space Science Board. This report outlines scientific exploration of the planets, past and existing plans for planetary exploration, and the case for increasing levels of cooperation between US and European space agencies. Contact: National Academy of Sciences, Space Science Board, 2101 Constitution Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20418.

"TOGETHER TO MARS?"--A REPORT ON THE PLANETARY SOCIETY SPACEBRIDGE--WILL BE BROADCAST OCTOBER 7 ON PBS. CHECK YOUR LOCAL TV LISTINGS FOR THE TIME.

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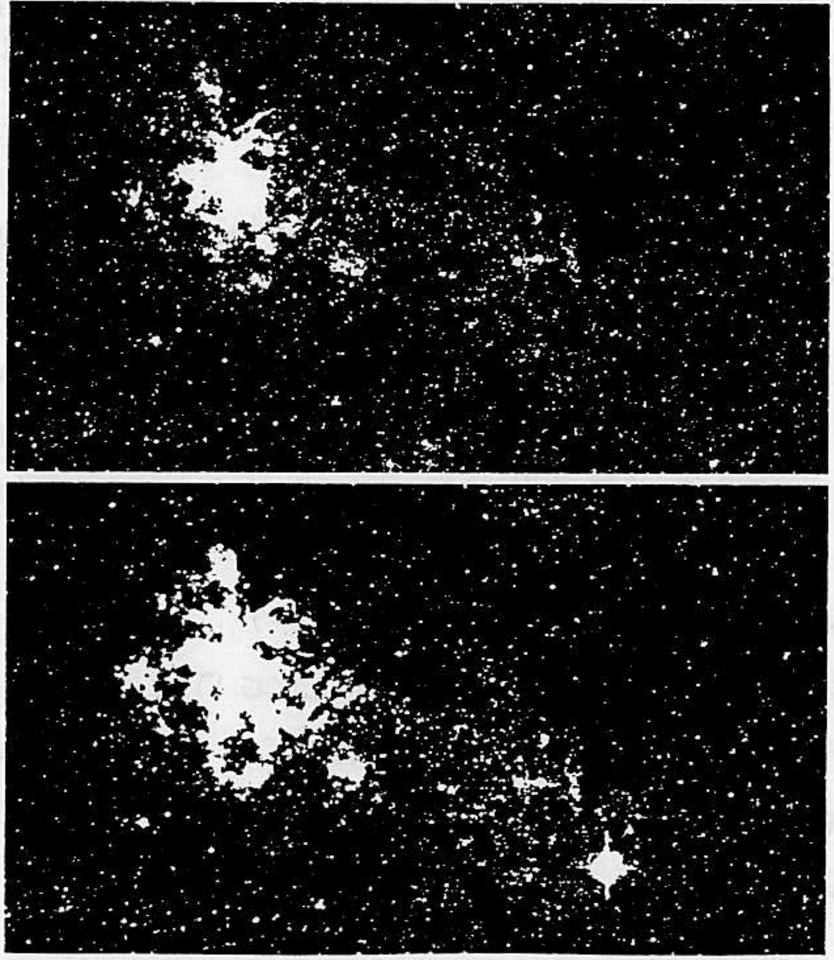
Space sciences and astronomy

Astronomers were excited most this year by the appearance of the first supernova visible to the unaided eye since 1604. Supernova 1987a exploded in the Large Magellanic Cloud, some 160,000 light-years distant. It was first noticed on February 24 by Ian Shelton of the Univ. of Toronto while working at Las Campanas Observatory in Chile. On the same day, amateur astronomer Albert Jones spotted it from New Zealand.

By a stroke of good fortune scientists are able to pinpoint the moment when signals from the explosion reached us. Two neutrino detectors, Kamiokande-II in Gifu Prefecture, Japan, and the Irvine-Michigan-Brookhaven device under the shore of Lake Erie near Cleveland, observed bursts of the ghostly particles for several seconds around 07:35:40 Universal Time on February 23. The trailing off of these events is taken to signify that a neutron star, rather than a black hole, has been created. About one-tenth the mass of our Sun was converted into energy, 99% of which was released as neutrinos. This energy was emitted in a few seconds and is roughly equivalent to the output of the entire Milky Way during a decade. The visible light we see represents only a ten-thousandth of the total power of the explosion.



Photographs from the European Southern Observatory in Chile show the Large Magellanic Cloud prior to the explosion of Supernova 1987a (top) and in March, as the supernova brightened to third magnitude.

The destroyed star, now accepted to have been Sanduleak-69°202, reached a maximum brightness just above third magnitude on May 22 and is now fading. This infrequently observed phenomenon will be as extensively studied as Comet Halley. Although SN 1987a has behaved quite differently from others of its class and has surrounded itself with mysteries, it will help illuminate the processes by which the largest stars end their lives.

Cosmonauts Romanenko and Laveikin occupied the Soviet space station Mir in February. With their EVA assistance the long-anticipated astrophysics module, Kvant, or Quantum, docked on April 11. Among the instruments carried by the 12-ton addition are four different X-ray spectrometers designed by scientists of the Soviet Union, Federal Republic of Germany, Netherlands, and European Space Agency. These will be used to study X-ray and gamma-ray sources in the range of 2,000-800,000 eV. Filling out the complement of equipment are a Soviet-Swiss ultraviolet telescope and an automated electrophoresis plant. Kvant is expected to remain docked to Mir for the next year or two. In July, the Soviet Union also placed into orbit the largest Earth resources satellite built to date.

The U.S. and the Soviet Union have resumed formal cooperation in the exploration of space with a pact signed in Moscow in April covering exchanges of scientific and medical information and coordination of the coming Phobos, Mars Observer, and Vesta missions. A joint Mars sample return mission was not included, as American negotiators could not agree to it without congressional approval and resolution of technology transfer issues. Such a mission is under consideration by scientists, however, and was one of the matters discussed at the International Space Future Forum held in Moscow in October.

Perhaps such cooperation will not prove as rare as a supernova.

DR. GONZO'S BITS & PIECES

FOR APATECH #57, NOVEMBER, 1987 FROM VALLI HOSKI

- LITERAL ADDRESS: 530 W. WALNUT, KALAMAZOO MI 49007, USA
- VIRTUAL ADDRESS: VIA GEN. GUISAN, 21A
  6830 CHIASSO, SWITZERLAND
- VIRTUAL PHONE: ---41-91-432752 (SWISS TIME = EST+6 HRS, CST+7 HRS & USUALLY WE'RE ONLY THERE ON SAT.
  (USE YOUR COUNTRY'S INTERNATIONAL LD CODE, USUALLY 3 DIGITS (I.E. 011)
- REALTIME ADDRESS: MAILBOX *FATAL SYSTEM ERROR* VMH MAIL RECEIPT FUNCTION INOPERABL

OBVIOUSLY, CALLIGRAPHY IS NOT MY HOBBY . . .

NOR IS FIXING BROKEN ELECTRONIC DO-DAHS IN MY SPARE TIME. SO NECESSITY FORCES ME TO CONTINUE THE LOW-TECH TRADITION FOR YET ANOTHER DISTY. ALTHOUGH I IMPATIENTLY AWAIT A TYPEWRITER, ANY TYPEWRITER, I CANNOT DASH DOWN TO NAPLES AND PICK MY SELECTRIC UP. (IF IT IS STILL THERE, IF THE TRANSFORMER WILL WORK AND IF IT'S STILL FUNCTIONING AFTER TRANSATLANTIC SHIPMENT, FLOODS AND POSSIBLE EARTHQUAKES. AND NO, MY INSURANCE CO. ISN'T NEW YORK LIFE... (OLD COMMERCIAL SLOGAN.))

I'D RATHER TALK ABOUT YOU THAN TALK ABOUT ITALY RIGHT NOW

IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT. SO, COURTESY OF THE CES WHO SENT US 2 COPIES OF #55, AND 1 COPY OF #56 (WHICH JUST ARRIVED TODAY 29 OCT 87), I WILL TALK BACK TO YOU:

→ #55 MLG. CTS. ←

- COVER NOW, WHAT A HOT IDEA! (*AHEM*)
- BONNIE WHAT A TERRIFIC POSTCARD - I REALLY LIKE IT & NOW I HAVE 2! // RE YR FRIEND GEORGE, PUERTO RICO & '84 OLYMPICS: SINCE HE FINISHED THIRD, DID HE WIN A BRONZE MEDAL FOR THE LUGE? // RE YR CT ROD RE TRILLION YR. SPREE: HAVE YOU READ IT YET?

→ #55 MAILING CTS (CONT'D)

- BONNIE (CONT'D) RE YR CT GUY RE EGYPT & HOMOSEXUALITY: SEEMS AS IF HOMOSEXUAL SEX ISN'T REGARDED AS SEX & IS OK. (ASSUMPTIONS PER YR CT: 1. PRE-MARRIAGE SEX NOT OK, 2. HOMOSEXUALITY FOR SINGLES IS OK, SO 3. HOMOSEXUALITY IS NOT REGARDED AS PRE-MARRIAGE SEX AND IS OK.) I WONDER WHAT THEY THINK IT IS... || RE YR CT DP RE CT JH: VERY GOOD! YES. THERE IS A LACK OF HISTORICAL COVERAGE AND ROLE MODELS WHO ARE FEMALE. MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN DURING THE PAST 10 YEARS; SOME WOMEN ACHIEVERS HAVE BEGUN TO RECEIVE POST-HUMOUS RECOGNITION, SUCH AS MARY CASSAT (A PROMINENT AMERICAN IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER, A COLLEAGUE OF MONET, MANET, SEURAT, ETC.) WHO WAS IGNORED BY ART HISTORIANS FOR MANY YEARS. BUT HOW MANY OTHERS ARE LOST, WHOSE PAPERS/WORKS WERE NEVER KEPT, WHOSE ACHIEVEMENTS MIGHT BE CONTAINED IN THE THEORIES OF OTHERS BUT WHOSE IDEAS WERE NOT SUFFICIENTLY RECOGNIZED OR DOCUMENTED BECAUSE THE VOICE WAS FEMALE...
- ROD I GOT A MASSIVE PUN ATTACK WHILE READING YR 1ST PAGE: RE: KANGAROO PATTIES: BUT WOULD YOU WANT TO SMELL, LET ALONE EAT THEM? RE: FALLING IN LOVE ARTIFICIALLY: DOES THIS MEAN WE'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH ARTIFICIAL OBJECTS (I.E. PLASTIC BLOWUP DOLLS, ETC.)? RE TELLING NATIONALITY OF SETTLERS BY NAMES OF PLACES: CAN'T ONE ALSO TELL THE EMOTIONALITY BY THE NAMES (I.E. NEW HOPE, INDEPENDENCE, LIBERTYVILLE, ETC.)? || RE YR CT RE NEVER BEING SO ORGANIZED: I WASN'T SO ORGANIZED - IT WAS ALL JON'S ~~OBSESSION~~ DOING. BUT WE DIDN'T EXACTLY THINK OF THE 100 YR. FLOODS EITHER ... NEITHER IN CHICAGO NOR NAPLES. || REALLY ENJOYED YR SAIL DESC.
- LINDA HAIL FELLOW EXPATRIOT! || RE YR TEACHING LOAD: YES, PREP TIME AVERAGES OUT USUALLY TO 1:1 RATIO WITH TEACHING TIME. BUT FRONT-END PREP. FOR A NEW COURSE IS MUCH MORE INTENSIVE - USUALLY 3:1.

→ #55 MAILING CTS (CONT'D)

- LINDA (CONT'D) INCIDENTALLY, I TOO AM TEACHING ENGLISH COURSES IN MILAN. I HAVE A MIX OF SCHEDULED GROUPS AND PRIVATE SESSIONS. SO BETWEEN THE REGULAR GROUPS AND THE BUSINESS PEOPLE WHO WANT TO KNOW ENGLISH NOW, IT IS AN INTERESTING WAY TO SPEND THE DAY. // RE VIDEOS: DOES ANYONE KNOW WHY VCRs ARE SO EXPENSIVE IN EUROPE — SAME BRANDS, ETC. AS IN US BUT WITH VHS-PAL STANDARD? FOR EXAMPLE, THE BEST BARGAIN IS ABOUT 700 SF (SWISS FRANCS) OR ABOUT 600,000 ₤ (LIRE); THAT'S ABOUT 500 U$. TELEVISIONS ARE LESS BUT STILL SOMEWHAT HIGH BY COMPARISON, EVEN ALLOWING FOR CURRENCY DIFFERENCES.
- JOA YOU'RE "IN THIS (HAM RADIO) FOR REAL NOW", EH? WHO DID YOU LEARN YOUR ENGLISH FROM? AN AMERICAN? // WHILE REREADING YOUR "RADIO PRIMER FOR TECHIES" (QUOTES ARE MINE), I WAS REMINDED OF THE HIGGINS GREAT KITCHENSINKATRON TRADITION FOR APATECH ZINES. YOU DO WRITE WELL, AS I LEARNED YEARS AGO. // RE UR TEA ~~AND ETIQUETTE~~ COLUMN: AND YES, YOU EVEN WRITE WITH OCCASIONAL WIT. PARAGRAPH 1 IS WORTHY OF THE ECONOMIST. // RE UR CHICAGO SUNSET: FOR ME CHICAGO IS RIDING BENEATH GREEN BOWERS WITH A SUBSONIC RUMBLE THEN AN AIR HORN BLOWING AS THE TRAIN BRAKES AND ARRIVES HOME IN HUBBARD WOODS...

→ #56 MAILING CTS ←

- COVER WOW, THIS IS FROM THE SAME ART STYLE THAT PRODUCED THOSE EARLY 1960s "HOW TO SURVIVE AN A-BOMB ATTACK ON YOUR HOMETOWN" ~~PROPAGANDA~~ HELPFUL HANDY HINT PAMPHLETS. SO, HOW DID YOU GET THE TITLE PRINTED ON IT? REPHOTOCOPIED IT? DON'T TELL ME ALEX HAS THIS GRAPHIC IN HIS SYSTEM...

→ #56 MAILING CTS. (CONT'D)

· DP & SW RE YR CT RE MY DESC. OF MIDWESTERN TOWNS: I MUST MENTION THAT PETER IS THE SOURCE FOR THE ORIGINAL VERBAL PHOTOGRAPH: A SMALL TOWN IN ILLINOIS — A RAILROAD CROSSING, ONE GRAIN ELEVATOR, A GENERAL STORE, A GAS STATION, MAYBE A CHURCH. I ADD — THE PEOPLE, THEIR FIELDS, THEIR LIVES AND THEIR HEARTS STRETCHING OUT FOR ACRES ALL AROUND, ANY DIRECTION YOU AND THE WIND JOURNEY TOWARD. AND A TIME AGO, THE LONG, LOW AIRHORN SWEEPING AHEAD OF THE GROUND-TREMBLING LOCOMOTIVE, SWEEPING BEHIND AS THE FAMILIAR RED BEACON OF THE CABOOSE RECEDES INTO THE FIELDS, THOSE LONG METAL LINES OF FREIGHT CARS, MAIL CARS, CREW CARS, AND GLAMOROUS PASSENGER CARS WHICH FAITHFULLY KEPT THOSE SMALL TOWNS COMPANY FOR SO MANY YEARS. NOW, THE RAMBLING UNDERBRUSH IS SLOWLY, INEVITABLY CONQUERING RIGHT-OF-WAY AFTER RIGHT-OF-WAY, SHINING RAILS HAVE LONG TURNED RUSTY AND NO LONGER REFLECT THE SKY, DEPOTS CRUMBLE INTO A DECREPIT AGE AS DO THE TOWNS. BUT AT LEAST RIPLEY STILL HAS A CHANCE TO SHOW HER FINE SKIRTS AT RIVER'S EDGE AND DAINTILY WAVE AS THE RIVERBOATS GO BY . . .

· JOA RE YR CT RE BEING IN ITALY FOR WINTER, AND NOT BRIGHTON', HMPH. I'M NOT SURE THIS INTERMITTENT RAIN & DAMP IS SO MUCH BETTER. I'M TIRED OF HAVING WET FEET & A COLD NOSE. // RE YR CT RE IMPROVEMENT OF ITALIAN TRAINS: YOU FORGOT TO MENTION THE OTHER INEVITABLE CULTURAL FACTOR: IL SCIOPERO, OR THE STRIKE. NO AMOUNT OF AUTOMATION CAN MAKE THE TRAINS ROLL EXACTLY ON TIME OR IN SCIOPERO.

· ROD RE YR PHOTO-TRADING CT DL: WHEN/WHERE WERE YOU IN EUROPE?

· GUY RE YR GT LAND SCHEME: A SNOW-COVERED AIR SHELTER DOME IS AN IGLOO.

· BARRY CHICAGO?! OH PLEASE SAY YES! THERE ARE SOME WONDERFUL PLACES AT U-C I WOULD LOVE TO SHOW YOU — AND I WILL SOMEDAY.

· DONNA OK, SO THAT'S THE COVER STORY. BUT HOW ABOUT THE 'APA TECH'?

1.

[RE: BONNIE'S CT RE FEMALE RECOGNITION. OR, APA TECH NEEDS SOME ART TO GO WITH THE SCIENCE AND INTELLECTUAL HISTORY.]

Belated Tribute to a Gifted Painter

SUMMARY: Long neglected, French Impressionist Berthe Morisot finally is getting recognition in a touring retrospective, now in Washington. The exhibition traces the painter's development as an Impressionist and includes less successful experiments with the dissolution of form. An innate sadness permeates much of her work, which is outstanding for its exploration of light, color and movement.

PHOTOS BY NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

"The Bath (Girl Arranging Her Hair)": Suffused with a scintillating light.

"Your life must be charming at this moment," wrote Edma Morisot to her sister Berthe in 1869, "to talk with M. Degas while watching him draw, to laugh with Manet, to philosophize with Puvis."

Neglected by most 20th century Impressionist historians, Berthe Morisot was a founding member of the movement. Critics of her time called her the most dedicated of them all. The first major American retrospective of her work, "Berthe Morisot, Impressionist," on view at Washington's National Gallery of Art, gives this artist long overdue recognition. She emerges as a quintessential painter's painter, an unexpected genius with the brush.

Beautiful as well as talented, Morisot attracted Manet's attention first as a fascinating woman and a model. Some of his most ravishing portraits dwell lovingly on her piquant features, sultry expression and dusky curls. (One of the best of these, "Repose," hangs near the show's entrance.)

Within a few years, however, she won the respect of Manet and other artists for her ability to capture an animated scene in quicksilver brushwork. Her paintings aroused such admiration that more famous male colleagues — Monet and Renoir as well as Manet — began copying her motifs and her subtle color harmonies.

Her subjects are seldom ambitious. She painted her two sisters and their children, outings in the park, vacation land- and seascapes, innumerable studies of her daughter, Julie, born when the artist was 37. Her compositions tend to be simple and straightforward, with little of Manet's trickiness or Degas's startling cropping.

What makes her work outstanding is its brilliant painterly exploration of the relationships between color, light and movement. By deftly interweaving complementary hues and accenting them with white and black, Morisot endows her oils and watercolors with vibrant life. In her 1875 studies of the Isle of Wight harbor, for example, one can almost feel the breeze that ripples the sun-dappled water and flaps the ships' red flags.

Her delicacy of touch is particularly evident in her use of white. (According to Julie, her mother always wore either white or black.) In paintings such as "The Bath (Girl Arranging Her Hair)" and "Getting Out of Bed," Morisot's whites are so full of color — violets and creams, pale greens, blues and pinks — that they suffuse both figure and background with scintillating light.

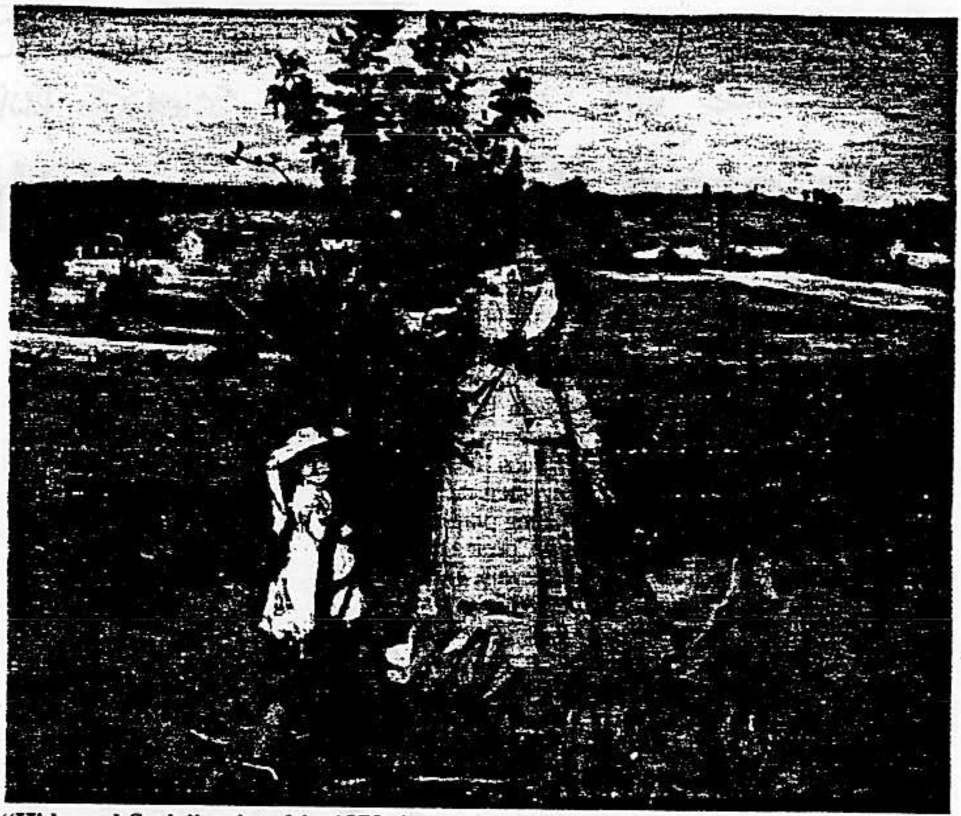
"She grinds flower petals onto her palette, in order to spread them later on her canvas with airy, witty touches," wrote one enthusiastic critic.

Always a genius with watercolor — and there are many charming examples in the show — Berthe Morisot adapted her watercolor technique to oils as she grew older. She barely sketched her figures with loose hatchings of the brush, leaving large areas of canvas bare, as in the large work "Julie with a Doll," a wonderfully airy painting long regarded as unfinished.

"Only Manet and the Japanese can indicate a mouth, eyes, a nose, with a single stroke of the brush so accurate that the rest of the face models itself," she enviously noted. Startled by her daringly abstract canvases in the 1881 Impressionist exhibit, critic Charles Ephrussi complained, "One step further and it will be impossible to distinguish or understand anything at all."

The show is not all masterpieces, certainly. Many of her experiments with the dissolution of form through ambient light

2.



"Hide and Seek," painted in 1873, is one of the great early Impressionist works. A decade later, a self-portrait depicts an aging, graying artist.

go too far for coherent structure. And clearly Morisot's uphill struggle to achieve a professional career took its toll of her energies and confidence.

Both before and after her marriage to Eugene Manet (Edouard's brother), she lived in a protective family circle that provided her with subjects and support. But her life as an artist was circumscribed by restrictive conventions of French middle-class life and by family responsibilities. As a whole, the exhibition moves from the crisp, easy brilliance of the artist's 20s and 30s toward melancholy, languid compositions at the end of her life.

The dreamy young women she so often painted seem caged by their comfortable surroundings, lethargic victims of their own propriety. And many pictures of her beloved Julie suggest a conflict between maternal care and Morisot's longing to escape stifling domesticity. The carefree child merges with vibrant nature; the mother remains immobile, adventuring only with her eyes.

One feels Morisot's innate sadness most in a remarkable pastel self-portrait. One of the most compellingly honest self-portraits to come out of the Impressionist era, it shows the artist in her mid-40s, already gray, gazing wide-eyed at her own aging face. "I am approaching the end of my life," she lamented to her sister Edma several years later, "and yet I am still a mere beginner."

It was the discovery of this self-portrait in the collections of the Art Institute of Chicago that triggered exhibition curator Charles Stuckey's interest in the artist. Jointly sponsored by the National Gallery and Mount Holyoke College Art Museum, the exhibition owes much to his and co-curator William Scott's keen appreciation of the very qualities of Morisot's work that have caused less sensitive critics to overlook it. Many of the late paintings Stuckey prizes most in the show — "Forest of Compiegne," for example — have languished in storerooms or attics because people thought them too sketchy.

Stuckey has even come to love the moody late portraits, done in 1894, shortly before Morisot died March 2, 1895, of pulmonary congestion. These strange paintings, with their simple harsh colors, exaggerated arabesques and intense emotional expression, presage the expressionist works of Edvard Munch.

Following Renoir's lead, Morisot, a few years earlier, had been studying the works of French Rococo masters and doing preparatory drawings in red chalk. There is something a little saccharine about her first efforts in this more considered style, however. Her series of young girls picking cherries is unpleasantly artificial.

The expressive later portraits are still carefully drawn, but Morisot has returned to the source of her genius, her ability to recapture the initial feeling aroused by a subject. The adolescent longings of her daughter are painfully and powerfully evoked in "Julie Daydreaming," for example.

The galleries one wants to go back to, though, are those that hold the brilliant canvases of Berthe Morisot's early maturity. "Hide and Seek," from the collection of Mrs. John Hay Whitney, for example, is one of the great early Impressionist pictures. Painted in 1873 when she was still under the influence of Manet (she gave him the painting), it combines decisive drawing with an uncanny evocation of an evanescent moment through brushwork and color.

She avoids any trace of sentimentality in this seemingly casual little painting of a mother and child at play. Both stand still. Their game around the little cherry tree that splits the composition is suggested only by the slight forward bend of the mother. The whites of her dress echo the whites of the cloudy sky; the undulations of her umbrella find counterparts in the undulations of the fields beyond.

The softness of the landscape recalls the pastoral scenes of Corot, one of Morisot's early private tutors, but it is far less mannered. Clearly the houses and fields in the distance were directly observed.

The marvel here is that Morisot has knit figures and landscape into an indissoluble, irresistible harmony. She has achieved the ultimate Impressionist aim, to draw the viewer into an ambience of light and color so compelling that one shares the sensual delights of the day with the subjects of the painting, rather than observing them from the outside.

"Berthe Morisot, Impressionist," closes at the National Gallery on Nov. 29. The show will then travel to the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth, Texas, and in the spring to the Mount Holyoke College Art Museum in South Hadley, Mass.

— Jane Addams Allen